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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Sermons.

No xx.

A VOICE TO THE SLEEPING AND THE DEAD.

EPHESIANS v 14.—*Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.*

You hear in this command, my friends, the union of three voices; the voice of conscience, the voice of scripture, and the voice of the spirit of God; three voices in perfect harmony. *must* they *not* be harmonious? Consider the circumstances of the assertion: The Being who created the human mind, and made a revelation of his will, was a Being of infinite wisdom. He *must* therefore have formed the mind, and this illumination of the mind, in accordance with his own perfection: the uncorrupted word, the enlightened conscience, and the divine Illuminator *must* all harmonize; since *not* to harmonize would be a moral impossibility.

From this infinite perfection of creative wisdom you may deduce another important principle; a principle, which inspires the soul with fear and hope, awe and encouragement; preserves from the inactivity of despair, while it animates to powerful and persevering exertion; a principle, that 'vindicates the ways of God to man'—justifies the punishment of transgression and the recompenses of obedience. Never was a more simple or rational truth advanced, than this principle to which I allude: That whatever commands the Allwise may impose upon his offspring, he at the same time makes them able to perform. For example: The object to be seen he suits to the eye, and the eye which is to see he suits to the object; the ear he accommodates to sound, and sound he accommodates to the ear. The thorn he does not require to bear figs, nor the bramble to bear grapes; but of every tree he demands its proper fruit. The Savior devoted the fig-tree, not because it failed to produce the orange, the citron, the promegranate, but because it failed to produce *figs*, its own natural growth. Human holiness, not angelic perfection, is what you are required to exemplify. When the Supreme Being, therefore, proclaims to rational man: 'Awake, O sleeper! arise from the dead, and Christ will give you light;' to my mind this conclusion seems to be irresistible, that he commands him to do no more, than he has breathed into him the power of doing. The duties of individuals may vary; they do vary extremely, as their circumstances vary; but there is no principle of justice more fundamental than this, that you are all made capable of performing your own duties. Yes—the responses of your own hearts, the oracles of divine wisdom, the mysterious communion of the spirit of God with your soul, all inform you, that for these duties, and these alone, you can be accountable. Are these your views and impressions, as well as my own? views of the nature with which your Maker has formed you? views of the messages he has communicated? views of the conformity he requires to those messages? I trust they are; since, unless you *have* power imparted to awake and arise, the command is evidently made in vain, and my impressing the duty upon you this morning, must be equally fruitless,—without promise and without hope. With equal want of wisdom, I might call upon the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the aged to become young, or the dying to live. If, however, you agree with the apostle, that the service God requires, is no more than a reasonable service,—conformable to his character, to the voice of inspiration, to the faculties of the soul,—you are prepared for the doctrines of the text, to comprehend and perform the commands, and to welcome the heavenly promise: you are prepared to awake, to arise from the dead, and to feel on your heart the blessed influences of Christian light.

1. But here, in the first place, you may ask with some solicitude; and I hope you do make inqury in your hearts, since to those alone who are alive, inquisitive, and interested, can the unfolding of truth give promise of advantage; you wish me to inform you,—'Who *are* the sleeping and the dead? Are passages of this complexion, you inquire, applicable to all? You ask; do we, who assemble here to worship the Eternal, to ascertain his will respecting our Christian walk, to gain firmness of purpose, strength of resolution, and energy of soul, to persevere in the pathway of wisdom,—do *we* deserve to be numbered among the slumbering and the insensible?'

Far from me be all misrepresentation; far from me be all suspicion of injustice. It is the glory of the faith I advocate, that its developments come immediately to the conscience, and conscience from its innermost recess sends back an echo of their reality. My grand aim as a Christian minister, I wish you to perceive and understand: need I inform you, that my *prime* object is to attain to the mind of the spirit myself, and my next object to impart the result of my researches to you?—to make my conclusions and convictions your own?—to share with you their lessons of caution and their light of encouragement? I address you as you are, not as beings of angelic nature, but as capable of rising to that elevation; not as demons of darkness, but as liable to contract a disposition resembling theirs; not as saints secure of heaven, nor reprobates appointed to hopelessness and hell; not as unable to do anything toward salvation, nor yet as able to do all unassisted. I address you as sinners and imperfect Christians, imperfect Christians, who have cause to fear, tremble, and be watchful, lest you fail of the great salvation; and sinners, to whom opportunity of pardon is vouchsafed; on whom a dawn of hope, a beam of mercy, is permitted to stream from the throne of Jehovah.

The sleeper then in the text,—who is he? He is a person who lives in the habitual commission of one or more sins, in the indulgence of some unlawful appetite or passion; and it may be, in addition to these deliquencies, that he continues unmindful of one or more acknowledged duties. He is not blind: no! he voluntarily shuts his eyes, and a fatal drowsiness creeps upon his faculties. This character I have never seen so well described as by the prophet Isaiah from the mouth of God himself: you hear indeed, but do not understand; you see indeed, but do not perceive. For the heart of this people is become gross; their ears are dull, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and be converted; and I should heal them. Such was the voice of Jehovah to a people enjoying peculiar privileges, but verging on destruction. The Savior too, employed the same terms to the same people, when he saw them fore-dooming themselves to ruin and dispersion. Are you aware, my friends, of this awful truth? To every nation, to every individual, to all who know the law of God and who live uninfluenced by its authority, such language will be forever appropriate.

2. Yes, my hearers, permit me to observe in the second place, whoever disregards those opportunities of improvement, which the favor of the Most High is continually affording, to employ the metaphor of the text, he is sleeping among the dead; insensible to the munificence of Heaven, he is impoverishing the mysterious attributes of his own soul.

Allow me to illustrate my meaning. Consider the *presence of God.* Are you moving through a world irradiated with divine glory? a world on which the smile of its maker is forever resting, like evening sunshine upon the mountains? and still, wherever may lie your pilgrimage, do you feel on your heart the presence of no Divinity? Do you discern no traces of his handy-work? no glimpses of his goodness, wisdom, and power? no intimations of eternal realities? no God in all and through all? Do Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter unfold their infinite loveliness to an eye that is vacant—to a heart that has no impulses of enthusiasm, no admonition and gratitude? Do you never sympathize with that poet, who, viewing a sunset of 'extraordinary splendor and beauty,' exclaimed with the eloquence of faith and assurance:

> Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad
> And see to what fair countries ye are bound!

Alas! if this be the state of your mind, your unperceiving eye, you are indeed blind,—blind to the mysteries of creation. You are, in this respect, still slumbering among the dead.

Again: what are your daily feelings toward *this omnipresent Being?* Do you rise in the morning, unmindful of that Providence, which has preserved and refreshed you in the watches of the night? Do you pursue your occupation, regardless of Him who supplies you with food and raiment, who inspires you with health and strength, who communicates both promise and hope? Do you retire to your pillow, thoughtless of the mercies of the day, and breathing no aspirations to Him, who must give rest to your weariness, repose to your spirit, and salvation to your soul? Ah! you too are yet asleep among the insensible; and you must either obey the divine voice,—Awake! arise from the dead! or perish in your insensibility.

Again: Look at *the word of God.* Does the holy Bible, that volume disclosing your origin, dependence, duties, and destiny,—command no more of your attention than the Koran of Mohammed? Do its vivid pictures of primeval times,—the beautiful simplicity of its narratives,—the glow of its devotional compositions,—the sublimity of its phrophetic disclosures,—do these fail to interest you? Do the ministry and miracles, the example and death of Jesus Christ,—his resurrection, ascension, proclaiming to the world life and immortality,—do these fail to attract you? Do the early records of Christianity,—the exertions, trials, and triumphant martyrdom of its defenders,—do these developments, in which heaven and hell, time and eternity are so deeply concerned,—do these glorious developments present to you less attraction than the miserable farrago of a newspaper? the violence of the unprincipled and the virulence of the interested? You are, indeed, sleeping among the dead,—sleeping the profoundest sleep of death!—What shall arouse you from your deadly trance!—Shall I say,—'O for a stream of lightning to flash dismay upon your security!' Shall I say,—'O for a burst of thunder to shake you from this slumber of the tomb! Arise some messenger from the realm of the departed, the region of punishment, and proclaim its doom to 'ears of flesh and blood!' Alas! how feeble these instruments! how impotent this agency! how ineffectual to accomplish your spiritual deliverance, your moral renovation!—Yes, if you disbelieve Moses and the prophets, Jesus Christ and his apostles, you would still disbelieve, even should a soul return from its dungeon of death. If you refuse to listen to that triple voice, to which I made allusion in the opening of this discourse;—if you refuse to regard the voice of conscience, of scripture, and of the holy spirit;—the fire and thunder of heaven, would be equally powerless.

Are these things so? I have myself witnessed the feebleness of the most awful representations. More than once have I seen a congregation, that professed to have met for religious improvement, as listless and inattentive, as drowsy and inefficient, as if both souls and bodies were paralysed. The most earnest expostulations, the most alarming appeals,—death and judgment, hell and eternity,—seemed to produce no more impression upon them, than upon the oaks and elms that were nodding around the church.

Beware, my friends, lest you resemble characters like these. All men are exposed to similar hardness and degeneracy. The text warns you to awake—awake to a sense of your situation,—awake to an appreciation of your privileges and circumstances.

3. This expression, *awake*, the apostle uses with great propriety. *Awakening* is the first movement toward reformation. View the world of nature. The morning light enters your chamber of repose. The sounds of industry, the thousand voices of day, awake you from slumber. You discern objects with imperfect vision. You acknowledge that the light is sweet, and that the time of rising is come; but DO YOU ARISE? This is the grand inquiry. Say you are disposed to indulge in a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep; say that you sink down to repose, or lie in listlessness and sloth with your eyes open; of what advantage to you is THE LIGHT? Of what advantage is your being awakened,—awake indeed if you are? Are your labors advancing any more than if both night and sleep had continued? No: you have nothing but *opportunity* afforded, and that opportunity, if you remain inactive, you forfeit and lose.

In the same manner you are enlightened by the gospel. You see and acknowledge your sinfulness. You acknowledge with gratitude, that the night of heathenism is gone, that the morning of the gospel is come, and that it is high time to awake out of sleep. You hear the glad tidings explained, and you cannot deny their reasonableness and importance. But do you regard or disregard their requisitions? Do not many of you continue precisely as you would have continued without them? You have heard sounds of deliverance, you have heard sounds of rejoicing, you have heard a trumpet-voice from the mountains, a sound from the region of the stars, but to you they are nothing *more* than *sounds.* As the apostle declares, you are yet in your sins. Your eyes may be opened upon the light, and your ears to the sound; but what benefit do you derive from that opening? You do not rise to enjoy and profit by the gift.

Here, then, you discover the very purpose of our holy faith. Listen to its voice. It is a privilege to be used. The Giver of all good has diffused the light of eternity over the word. He has awaked you from the dreams of superstition, the terrific forms of darkness, the nightmare of the soul. Tell me,—what should follow such divine favor? He proclaims not only, '*Awake! thou that sleepest!*' but '*Arise! arise from the dead!*' Yes, blessed be God! the light of immortality has dawned upon the world; the Sun of Righteousness is coming up in glory. He has passed the horizon like a God, and is ascending the heights of heaven. Arise from the gloom of night; escape from the imprisonment of sin; come forth to the freedom of the sons of light; enjoy the heavenly views that are every where disclosed; move forward in the broad sunshine of heaven; breathe upon earth the air of immortal life; looking unto Jesus, that luminary of your faith, hope, and love, advance in the peace and power of God even to your journey's end.

Remember for your comfort, that should you be visited with despondency, or oppressed with gloom, should the stormy wind and tempest arise, and the waves of sorrow threaten to overwhelm you, he who is the power of God, the wisdom of God, the light of the world, will beam peace upon your heart. He will give you light in discerning, wisdom and vigor in obeying his truth; light amid the trials and adversities of life, light in the shadowy realm of death, light in the empire of eternity.

Such, my friends and brethren, such are the developments you are to make, of this beautiful passage of scripture. I hope you perceive them with the clearness in which they appear to my own mind.

Finally, what the Apostle proclaimed to the Ephesians, in the name of the Almighty, in the same awful name I now proclaim to you:—Awake! arise! awake from the slumber of evil habit. Be aware of every sin, to which you are in subjection. Consider also your means and opportunities of escape. Welcome the privileges, and exert the powers which God has imparted. Enjoy the assurance, that your every humble endeavor will be accompanied by his blessing; and that the further you advance beneath the Sun of Righteousness, the more luminous and lovely will be the discoveries he makes. There is another momentous consideration:—Remember with shuddering apprehension, that if you do *not* awake, if you do *not* arise from the dead, you will resemble a man sleeping on the very brink of a precipice; you will be in momentary peril of sinking in perdition. No sweet beam of peace will the Savior shed upon you. He is no Savior to those who do not welcome his light: to those who do not awake and arise, he imparts no beam of salvation. Between you and him your sins will raise a separating wall; to you they will eclipse the merciful glory of his countenance; to you he will roll on a darkened orb, at an immeasurable distance. O then, by the mercies of the Almighty, awake, arise! by the love of him who taught and exemplified the wisdom from on high, who suffered and bled to save you, awake! arise! By the hope of heaven and the fear of hell, awake! arise from the dead, come forth to light and liberty, and feel on your heart the glory of that immense domain which God has outspread above you. While you enjoy the assurance, that the many mansions of your Father's house are there, and that he is waiting to bid you welcome home,—endeavor to understand what the will of the Lord is. See that you walk circumspectly, not as unwise, but as wise, redeeming the time; enjoy the pilgrimage of earth, but let the noblest powers of your soul, the warmest affections of your heart, hover around your home in heaven. Be this the grand aim of your probation. By Christian faith, by the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins, by remembrance of Christ in the holy communion, and by a life-long imitation of his perfect example, and spotless character,—awake! arise from the dead! emerge from the darkness of death and despair; welcome the benign influences of his day-spring of hope; become daily prepared for that immortality, which through his resurrection first dawned upon the world; become prepared for that heaven through whose unfolding portals he was received up in glory, ascending to his Father and your Father, to his God and your God.

Divisions are Satan's powder-plots to blow up religion.

INVITATION TO THE COMMUNION.

The Churchman gives the following as the form of an invitation given by the Bishop of New York to professing Christians present, of other denominations.

'We now proceed to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, to the participation of which I invite all good people present, who are thereto religiously and devoutly disposed.

'The question being often asked, whether the Protestant Episcopal Church admits to its communion devout Christians of other denominations, I take this occasion of the first celebration of the Lord's Supper in this church, to say, that our invitations to the communion are given to all who truly repent of their sins, who have true faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, who are in love and charity with their fellow men, and who are sincerely devoted to the keeping of God's holy will and commandments.

'It is inconsistent with the principles and institutions of the church, for us to recognize our fellow Christians in their sectarian character, when receiving them to the Lord's table. We do not, therefore, invite them by virtue of their membership with their respective denominations, but receive them, if they are minded to come, as Christians humbly and sincerely professing repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

'We give the invitation to all present who do thus profess. And those who then come, are, on the charitable presumption of their honesty and sincerity, received and welcomed by our ministers, unless they know them to be of wicked and unchristian lives.

'Although, therefore, beloved brethren, we would not in celebrating this feast of love, know any man according to the sect to which he belongeth; yet let me repeat, and ask credit for the utmost sincerity herein, that all good Christian people present, who are thereto religiously and devoutly disposed, are now, and on all occasions, invited to unite with us in this solemn celebration of the death and sacrifice of our common Lord, and Master, and the only Savior, Jesus Christ.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE ORDINATION. No. 3.

ALLEGED EXPEDIENCY AND USE OF CREEDS.

You say; we must have creeds for the purpose of fixing doctrine, and deciding the sense of Scripture; and without them, we can have no sure revelation; no churches; no discipline; and finally, no religion.

But of what advantage is it to fix doctrine, until you can, infallibly, fix it right? Is it not a greater evil to have a thing fixed wrong, than to have it unfixed, flexible and at liberty to be set right? Suppose the different sciences had been fixed, one hundred, or one thousand years ago; or suppose they should be fixed now; would not these fixures be an absurdity, and prove an incalculable detriment to mankind? Suppose the same of the various arts of life; that of agriculture, of navigation, architecture and the rest; what would the result be—an advantage or a disadvantage to the world? The principle applies to religion as much as to other things. The religion of every age of the world, has been as susceptible of improvement as any other art, science or practice; for it involves the whole three. And religion has varied, sometimes for the better, and sometimes for the worse, as other things. The general tendency of religion among men has been to improvement, in the same measure as they have become enlightened. The religion of civilized nations is preferable to that of the tribes of barbarians and savages. The religion of Greece in the time of Aristotle, surpassed what it was in the time of Theseus; and that of Rome, in the age of Cicero what it was in the age of Romulus. The religious influences in Great Britain are better now than they were one hundred years ago; two hundred years ago or at any former period. Why then, is it desirable to fix religion, and render it, radically, unalterable, and unsusceptible of improvement? In order to fix religion, it is requisite you should understand it, perfectly, as a science, as an art and as a practice. And do you thus understand it? Why, then, in the name of every thing, except arrogance, do you undertake to make a religious creed. A creed for others, who may know as much as you, and which they, on penalty, cannot refuse?

But we must have a creed to decide the meaning of the Scriptures. And by what authority is the decision made? If the Scriptures are of divine authority, why have any other creed than the Bible, itself? You do not claim to be inspired; in what authority then is your decision? Is it not your own, and, of course not infallible, but liable to be erroneous? The language of Scripture is one thing; and your interpretation of it, is another. The interpretation is fallible, why then impose it in a creed upon your brethren?

It is very proper and useful, we admit, for learned and experienced men to write exegeses and commentaries upon the Scriptures. They cast light and afford important help; but it is another thing to make a creed which shall authoritatively decide what other men must receive as the doctrine of God. The creed stands wholly on the authority of the interpreter.

We will take an example for illustration: The old New England Primer says, referring to the immortal martyr, His wife followed him to the stake, with nine small children, and one at her breast. How many children had the martyr's wife? One interpreter says she had nine, and one more; ten in all. But the Primer does not say this. The sentiment stands on the authority of the interpreter. Another says; the woman had only nine children, and one of the nine, a suckling babe. But neither does the Primer say this. It says neither nine and one more, a babe; nor nine, and one of these a babe. That Mrs Rogers had nine children and a child at her breast, is a sentiment which stands on the authority of the Primer. But that she had nine and one more; and that she had nine and no more are respectively, sentiments which staud on the authority of an interprete Just as far as the language of any document is uttered for the purpose of rendering its meaning more explicit, that meanin y, so far forth as it is more explicit, has, for its basis, the authority of the interpreter only.

As with the Primer and other uninspired writings, so, evidently, with the Holy Scriptures. Their meaning is gathered by interpretation. But the interpretation is human authority, and to make something more of it is impossible. We will, also, take illustrations from the Scriptures, themselves. 'This is my body;' words of our Lord Jesus Christ. Are they to be understood literally or figuratively? The church of Rome says; literally. But is this decision being only that of Rome, infallible? Is it rightfully authoritative? Whence did the popes and councils of Rome become invested with the power plenipotentiary, for the interpretation of Scripture? It is a plain fact that their authority is merely human and uninspired; of course, not infallible nor rightfully authoritative.

Another. 'My father is greater than I.' Orthodoxy has decided that this declaration is not to be understood in its proper and apparent import: that by the pronoun, I, the Savior did not intend himself, his own proper person, but only an infinitely small part of it. Never, certainly, was such great liberty taken in the exposition of language. For it makes the real meaning, the exact opposite of the evident and proper meaning; equally as if liberty were taken to change the eighth commandment from the negative to the positive. But on what authority stands the exposition? No one pretends that it is other than human and uninspired. Why, then, must we, on penalty, receive it, and rely upon it as authoritative? Is it safe so to do? But who, then, shall decide upon the sense of the Scriptures? This question may be answered by putting another. Who shall decide the sense of the Primer, and fix the number of John Roger's children? And there can be but one rational answer which is plainly this; Let every one decide for himself. Let him who sustains all the responsibility of his opinions, form them for himself. And thus for the Bible as well as for the Primer. The two cases stand on the same foundation. In either case, a dictatorial, and assumed interpretation made by some man, or men, for others, is inadmissible, inconsistent, absurd. It is commanding the deference due only to infallibility; which, on the part of protestants, is not pretended.

You say that without creeds, we can have no churches, no discipline, no religion. But this you do not know. Neither can you know it, except from the fact, itself. Make then, the experiment; at least, wait until the experiment shall have been made. Churches existed, and thousands of them sprung into existence, in the times of the Apostles, and their immediate successors; but they had no written creeds. And the need of them, was much greater then, than it is now. For the new Testament was not written until the latter part of the apostolic age; and then, only in separate fragments; nor were these collected and placed in the hands of Christians generally, as at the present day, until the lapse, even of centuries. But churches and religion not only then existed, but most prosperously. And it was then that the chariot of Christianity went forth conquering and to conquer.

It has always been the note of conservatives, that innovation would be the ruin of religion, morals and government. But conservation, making its confident prognostications, cannot be safely trusted; having, by the event, much oftener been proved a false prophet than a true.

S. F.

A RELIGIOUS ANECDOTE.

Truly of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A few days ago when one of the Secretaries of the Belfast Auxiliary Bible Society and another gentleman were engaged in collecting the subscriptions for the present year, they had occasion to wait upon a lady who was in their district. They found her at home, and mentioned their business. She told them, she believed she had been acting wrong for some time, in giving so small a subscription to such an object (five shillings;) and immediately gave them One Pound. 'But,' said she, 'I have more to give you: it is not much; but the circumstances connected with it are not common. It was collected by a child of six years old, to send the Bible to the Heathen.' When about five years of age, the family were sitting round the fire on a winter evening; the weather was tempestuous, and the rain beating against the window: the child was playing on the hearth-rug. He suddenly looked up in mother's face: 'Mamma this a bad night for the poor.' She assented. 'But mamma, this is a bad night for the rich.'—Why so, my dear?' 'If they are like that rich man we were reading about to-day, who pulled down his barns to build larger ones, and that night his soul was required of him.' After a pause he again said: 'This is a worse night for the Heathen.' 'What makes you say so?'—'Oh! Mamma, they have nobody to tell them about Jesus, and no Bibles to read about Jesus.' And running to his father, he said: 'Papa, will you give me a half-penny!'—'What for?' 'To help to buy Bibles for Poor Heathens who have none of their own.' He got a litte box next day. During a year of suffering, he kept his object constantly in view. Unable to go out but seldom, he pleaded with the friends who came to the house for something—anything—'to help to buy Bibles for poor Heathens who had nobody to tell them about Jesus.' He seldom pleaded in vain: he was in earnest. In about a year, his little collection amounted to ten shillings and four pence half-penny. At the age of six, it pleased the Lord to remove him from this world of sin and suffering. When near the close of his career, he one day said to his mother: 'Mamma, I love you very much, but I love Jesus a great deal more.'—'You have been very kind to me, and have done a great deal for me; but Jesus has been a great deal kinder, and has done a great deal more.'—'I like to be with you Mamma; but I'd rather be with Jesus.' Into the presence of the Savior, whom he loved, he was early removed. Almost his last request was, that his little store should be given to buy Bibles for the poor Heathens, who had no books to read about Jesus.' His mother, who mentioned these circumstances, said she had kept the collection for some time past; but having been present at a Bible Meeting in this town a short time since, she resolved, not only to increase her own subscription, but alas, considering it the best means of carrying her little boy's intention into effect, to give his money to the Bible Society.

A HINT BY THE WAY.

Mr Clapp—A short time ago, in passing through one of our business streets just after sunset, I saw a lad locking the door of his master's store for the night, when one of his young companions came up and thus accosted him. 'Hey, Charles! what are you going to do?' 'I'm going home,' said Charles, 'to get my supper and go to meeting.'

'What,' said the querist, 'can't you go to meeting without your supper?'

'Why, yes;' replied Charles, 'I can, and if I did go without it, I suppose I could hold more preaching.'

While the boy evidently, had no idea that any third person was attending to the short colloquy, I thought there was too much philosophy in his answer to be lost in air; and that the soundness of his argument would probably be granted at once, by many a one to whom the great Shepherd has said, 'Feed my sheep.' My mind ran back over the congregations where I had often seen the minister come forth to the afternoon service of the Sabbath, when it appeared but too probable, at least, that many among his flock had cooks whose forenoon services had superseded their hunger for 'the bread of life,' as the labors of the study—the efforts of him who felt the care of souls, were given out to nodding heads or empty seats. Discouraging indeed, must it be to one who stands in the pulpit, to glance his eye over such a prospect before him; and to feel that he must dispense the Word to vacant pews, vacant faces, or minds rendered dull and heavy by those 'creature comforts,' which, had they rejected, they might have 'held more preaching.' H.

Eve. Gazette.

[From the Western Messenger.]

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

There is a prophecy contained in the seventh chapter of Matthew and the second verse, which we have seen repeatedly fulfilled within the last few months, and as yet no notice taken of this remarkable confirmation of the wisdom of him who uttered it. The words ran thus:

1. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

2. 'For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'

We shall mention four or five instances in which this prediction seems to have been strictly and literally fulfilled in events now passing before our eyes.

1. It will be recollected that when the controversy began in New-England between the Unitarians and the party opposed to them, the latter party arrogated to themselves at once the title of *Orthodox*, and gave to the opposite faith the name of heresy. In other words, they arrogantly decided from the beginning, that they were right—that they, and they alone, possessed the true faith, and all who differed from them were necessarily in error. The Unitarians, after laughing a little at this assumption, knowing that names could not alter things, quietly acquiesced in their keeping any name they chose to take. They therefore every where are known as the orthodox in New-England. And if they had chosen to call themselves the Infallibles, the omniscients, or any other equally modest title, they would have been allowed to retain it.

But, Latitude and Longitude, though they cannot affect truth, make a great difference in Orthodoxy. Accordingly these same people who are the Orthodox at the North and East, become heretics at the West and South. Dr Beecher and his friends, who were foremost in their attack on Unitarians, and loudest in their denunciations of them there, are now as bitterly attacked and denounced themselves here.—They are no longer allowed to retain their favorite title of Orthodox. Mark how they lament now, when they themselves are treated as they have been in the habit of treating others. Thus complains the Cincinnati Journal, Dr Beecher's organ:

'*The* orthodox!' We have heard this modest andexclusive claim before. 'We are the people, and wisdom shall die with us.' A class of men set themselves up as the standards and judges of orthodoxy; they complacently claim the appellation of orthodox, and modestly append to it an emphatic *the.* Do these men, in the excess of their self-confidence, imagine themselves wiser, better, purer than their brethren? If there be any thing in our day bearing on its front the impress of pharisaical effrontery, it is this same claim, which they seem disposed to establish by repeating it at every turn. When they go to bed, it is '*We* THE *orthodox,*' and when they awake, '*We* THE *orthodox.*' '*We* THE *orthodox,* decide, and who has a right to question *our* judgment.' How long could one be esteemed an honest man who was continually talking of his honesty? '*We* THE *honest.*'

The fervor of these complaints shows that they are now made to feel the folly and absurdity of their own former conduct. Every word here said, is equally applicable to the other case. They are judged with the judgment wherewith they judged others.

2. At the head of the hard mouthed railers against New England Unitarians, stood Dr Beecher. He it was who incited the Panoplist at New Haven, and the Spirit of the Pilgrims in Boston, to pour out abuse of the grossest kind against those who had never uttered a word of severity or censure against him or his party. He it was who only last year likened Unitarianism to Rum in a town of New England, at a public meeting. But mark him now, begging for charity and gentle usage from the Princeton Reviewers. How is the mighty fal-

len! Could we take pleasure in the humiliation of an enemy, we might smile at the lowly manner in which he begs for mercy at hands which never yet knew how to spare:

'In conclusion, I would ask the Reviewers, whether there was a necessity for employing such terms of ridicule and contemptuous severity and implication of personal character, on an *exparte* trial before the community, of which I had no previous notice, and while as yet my explanations and justifications were unheard, and the certainty could not be absolute, that charity might not find a place for hoping better things, and the employment of more respectful, courteous and Christian terms, and whether, should further controversial intercourse between us be deemed needful, it may not be conducted in a manner more in accordance with our past relations during a long life of friendship and courtesy, and our present public stations, and with less pain to our feelings, and less dishonor to the cause of Christ?'

When the man who could compare the religion believed and professed by large numbers of his fellow citizens to rum, is thus reduced to beg that more 'respectful, courteous and Christian terms,' may be employed towards himself; is not the prophecy fulfilled, 'with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged?'

3. In the Presbyterian Herald, not long since, a little paragraph was thrust into the corner apparently to fill up a column, in which Unitarianism was said to lead to 'Universalism, Deism and Atheism.'

In the same Herald, about the same time, in an article on Dr Taylor, of New Haven, bitter complaint was made because he had opposed the opinions of Dr Tyler. These opinions are the same as their own, and it appears that Dr Taylor had 'affirmed that nothing but the inconsistency of Dr Tyler saves him from being "THE VERY WORST OF HERETICS,"' and that his theories, 'if carried out into their legitimate consequences, lead to *Universalism, to Infidelity, and to Atheism.*'

Here before the ink is dry in which a charge is being made against Unitarians, they are forced to attend to the same charge against themselves. 'With what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged.'

4. Dr Wilson, of Cincinnati, it is well known, is one of the bitterest hunters of heresy. He seems to think that it is the great business of a Christian to abuse those who differ from him in opinion on abstract points of theology. But though Dr Wilson is very orthodox, there are others yet more orthodox than he. There is always 'beyond the lowest deep a lower still' in matters of orthodoxy. It seems he has gone so far with the innovating and changing spirit of the times, as to use Dr Watts' Hymn Book, instead of the regular version of the Psalms of David, 'done into English,' without any alteration. For this dangerous wandering from the good old way, he is taken to task by one T. P. Magaw. And in this mild and gentle manner, does this oldest-school champion rate the Cincinnati Doctor, in the West. Presbyterian Herald, of November 17th, 1836:

'I wish to add a few words more in relation to the Dr's profanity. This is a serious matter, and I wish to treat it so. It must be admitted that it is worse to write profanely, than to speak profanely, because the former is usually done with more deliberation. It is also a fact, that profanity in a minister of religion, whose office requires him to be an example to others, and to reprove them, if need be, is highly aggravated. I charge this aggravated profanity upon Dr Wilson, of Cincinnati. And I should like to know, whether his brethren will let him pass unnoticed and unreproved?'

We suppose our readers will be surprised to find that even Dr Wilson is not orthodox enough. But so it is. Nobody is orthodox enough. We dare say, there are people in Austria or Spain, who think that the Pope of Rome has rather a dangerous leaning towards reform. The state of the church reminds us of a story told of a traveller in the North of Scotland, who found an old man, apparently about sixty years old, sitting on a door stone, and crying bitterly. He asked him what was the matter, and the old gentleman told him that *his father* had been beating him. Whereupon the benevolent traveller stepped into the house to remonstrate with the parent on his severity. 'The young scoundrel' said the other, 'has been throwing stones *at his grandfather*, who is at work in the garden!!!' The New School, which is about sixty years beyond the times, may represent this ancient juvenile. The Old School is its father; who is at present engaged in beating it for throwing stones at its grandfather, the reverend divines of the Westminster Assembly; whose work in the garden, was to make those standards which this mischievous New School is employed in throwing over.

There are two reflections which force themselves upon our minds, when we consider such facts as those just stated. First: how light a thing it is to be judged of man's judgment. How is it possible for Unitarians ever to be disturbed by the attacks made on them by those who bring exactly the same charges against each other? They accuse us of preaching another gospel—they accuse each other of the same thing. They say we deny the Lord who bought us—so they say of one another. Since then there is no sect or party which is not accused of fatal heresy by one or another, it is evident that their charges neutralize each other. Those need not be afraid nor be troubled about them who have never themselves brought similar charges. But those who have been judging and condemning their brethren, may well see in the denunciation heaped upon themselves, the revelation of the righteous judgment of God.

We see also in these facts, the justice of God's dealings, and the way in which severe and uncharitable judgments bring their own punishment along with them. 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' When the sons of strife and war have perished in the conflicts, which they have themselves excited, and by the hands of one another, the meek and peaceful remain, unharmed by man, and protected by God, to occupy their places and inherit the earth.

WHITE STONE.—It was an ancient custom in the eastern courts of jurisprudence, for judges to express their decisions by counters or pebbles; the white ones denoting the prisoner to be absolved from his charge, and the black ones indicating his guilt to be fully proved. The Greeks were accustomed to intimate the condemnation of the criminal to death, by inscribing his name with the letter *Theta*, upon the judicial tablet; and, on the contrary, to express his acquittal by the letter T.

Theta, as a token of condemnation, is satisfactorily explained, as the initial letter of Thanatos, death, and it is with this reference, doubtless, that we find it engraved upon tombs. But of the origin of the T, as a sign of acquittal, we have no authentic account, unless we suppose the Greeks to have derived it from the mystic and saving influence which the Egyptians attached to their Tauutic cross. If we regard the reference in Rev. ii. 17, as made to this judicial custom, it conveys a beautiful and important truth to them that 'overcome,' and significantly intimates that in the final judgment they shall be absolved from the guilt and penalties of sin, and be accepted of their Lord. An old rhymer has it—

'In ancient times with stones they did
In judgment seat proceed;
By BLACK the guilty were condemned,
The just by WHITE were freed.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—I have recently attended the County Convention at Worcester. It seems to me that the spirit manifested there indicates a desire in the community to get information upon the subject of popular education, and it may be, a disposition to give increasing moral efficacy to the people's schools. I thought it not unsuitable to send to your paper some of the views in which conventions to this end may be of good effect. As the Register, I presume, is extensively read in the country, it appeared to me that some remarks on the Worcester convention, preceding such conventions in other places, might dispose people to attend them, and in some measure prepare them to promote the purpose of those conventions.

COUNTY CONVENTIONS.

It is one of the best signs of the times, that while we are suffering in fortune, and the tide of our outward prosperity is turned, concern for the moral welfare of society is awakened in the common mind, and is expressing itself generally among us. What shall we do to be saved from deterioration and corruption? What shall we do to preserve the wisdom and virtue which have been transmitted to us as an inheritance by our ancestors? How shall we make the next a better age, and successive ages better and better, through our prospective influence? Such are the questions of true patriotism and true philanthropy—they spring out of comprehensive intellect, and far-seeing benevolence—they merge the things that are a man's own exclusively and temporarily, in interests of his brother, his descendants, his country, and his race. And when men come together, and confer how they may avert threatened evils, and avail themselves of all means which nature and Providence have put in their power to purify and exalt society, it must be that seeking such an object, their deliberations will not end in nothing, but, enquiring what must be done, they will discover what can be done, and how to do it.

The discourse lately given by Mr Mann at Worcester, as the organ of the Board of Education appointed by the state, was admirably calculated to fix the minds of the more intelligent and influential portion of society upon the practicableness of applying direct means to the moral culture of all people. Nothing useful was disparaged, and no institutions required to be demolished, for the renewing of light. All the sources of knowledge and of virtue were fully admitted to exist; and the capabilities of all to be applied to the best ends, were clearly shown by this excellent discourse. It will be repeated in the different counties of this state—it cannot fail to rouse those that sleep, and to carry light into dark places. That such a torch-bearer has gone forth, and such a flame is kindled, is an occasion of hope to those who hold to the progress of society, to its improveableness, and to an inherent power in developed and aggregated man to keep what he has gained, and to avert, through his own will and efforts, the calamities which must overtake all nations destitute of moral defence.

The proper subjects of care to every state are eminently the young. The parent, the press, the pulpit, all do much for the young, but the school is properly the aid of all these. The school may do what the parent cannot do, through imperfect means and ability;—it prepares the common mind for the reception of all that literature and science have in store for it, and the discipline it exerts upon reason and the moral sense, is a ministry in rudiments, absolutely necessary to fit the future man and woman for the higher teaching of Christianity. We do not assume that, in single instances, private discipline does not train and furnish the faculties to their best and highest uses, but we know that such discipline can be exerted on very few. In the building up and exalting of society no hope nor trust is to be placed in private influence without worthy provisions of the public for the people. We all know that without public worship or religious instruction, a man with the Bible in his hands, may grow wise to salvation—but how very few are likely to do so. It cannot be doubted by any well informed person that preaching is a great power, that public instruction in religion is a great privilege, and that the character and quality of that instruction is the most efficient principle of its uses. When George Fox in solitary retirement turned himself from all authority of man as the interpreter of scripture, and in deep quiet, with the gospel before him, read and imbibed its holy truths, the first dictate of his new information was not to burrow in the cell of the anchorite, away from the contagion of sin, but to turn many to righteousness; to communicate the truth he had come to the knowledge of; and to do good as he had opportunity. He appointed himself to be a teacher of Christian truth; he founded his own ministry; he went in the spirit, and with power, and he not only taught truth, but he established an institution—a well-planned economy, which was to reiterate and exemplify his principles. As this devoted man believed himself to be a minister of God for good, so will every good citizen; not, perhaps, as the founder of sect or system; but as a member of society; as one appointed to advance the common welfare; as one interested to know the good and perfect way, not for himself only, and for his children or family, but for the children of the state, for that larger family to which his children, more properly than to him, belong. They are indeed the growth of his nursery, but they belong to the garden, to the field of the world, and they must be carried whither they would not. The most carefully educated youth is to go forth from his father's house into the world. Is it not important to him what sort of world he goes into? That world must be what collective man makes it—collective man must be, not what a few exceptions are, but what laws, institutions and education make him; and these must be what the wisdom and policy of man have made them, and shall make them. For this cause, must the father who loves his own children love all children, and seek to advance the moral welfare of all. As they are or have been, these institutions have never been perfect, never fit for all people and all ages. They never will be. The best institutions are not self-supported. They die out in their efficacy, unless fresh and fresh intelligence is applied to their uses—to the preservation, repair and enlargement of them. This is essentially true of those for religious instruction, and common education. They belong together—to the same individuals—the same communities—the same destiny and duties of man. It is essential that preaching should be good to enlighten men and women, and fit them for time and eternity. It is essential too, that schools should be good for the same end, including, like the gospel ministry, the whole destiny of man,—the life that now is, and that which is to come,—the intelligence that is in children with that which belongs to man, —the germ with the perfect being,—the end with the beginning of human happiness, knowledge, and virtue.

We rejoice in a commission to investigate the state of our schools. We have the utmost confidence in the integrity, capacity, and public spirit of those appointed to it. We trust also in the good sense, the good feeling, and the public spirit of our citizens, we trust they will look into this matter, and see what is doing, and has been done, and may be done to confute the calumnies that have been uttered concerning us, and to disappoint the prophecies which proclaim that destruction is coming upon us, through defect of moral power. 'It is believed abroad,' says a high authority, 'that property is less secure among us, order less stable, law less revered, social ties more easily broken, religion less enforced, life held less sacred than in other countries.'—Such reproach it is true is 'a gross exaggeration of evils here,' and, 'the least civilized parts of the country are made to represent the whole, and occasional atrocities are construed into habits.' We do not for a moment admit that such representations belong to us, but we feel that we ought to examine ourselves whether we do not tend to degeneracy, whether we direct our course upward, and not downward. We know that men among us drink of the intoxicating cup, and others lure them to this sin; that some justify the practice of war; and in our land many deal in man as property. WE believe that these and all other moral evils among us, spring not only from appetites and passions turned from right uses, but from absence of higher principles; from ignorance of the good and perfect way; from exaggerated notions of self-importance, and self-gratification, and consequent false notions, and practical disregard of the claims, merits, and happiness, of others.

It is the province of a wise popular education to enlighten self-love—to bring the selfish principle under authority of justice and charity, and, by enlarging the sphere of knowledge, to multiply ideas, and persuade men to willing co-operation with the plan of Providence—which they can only know by information of God's works and will.

The influences of early habit upon the mind are so little liable to change, that habits of ignorance, and apathy, of false self-complacency, and mere animal enjoyment, formed in childhood and youth, are not likely to be altered, through power of new motives. Affections and thoughts set on inferior objects, rest in them, as the true ends of human preference and pursuit. We of New England, are essentially the root of a tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nation. Every year does emigration carry our branches far and wide, and what shall we send forth to bear all manner of fruits, but they who are informed of goodness, and furnished to good works? We look chiefly to education—to the mind indoctrinated in goodness, for this germinant influence in the future character of this nation. The prospect before us, and the duties, consequent to our privileges and prospects are gloriously set forth by Dr Channing. 'When we think of the millions of human beings who are to spread over our present territory; of the career of improvement and glory opened to this new people; of the impulses which free institutions, if prosperous, may be expected to give to philosophy, religion, science, and arts; of the vast field in which the experiment is to be made of what the unfettered powers of man may achieve; of the bright page of history which our fathers have filled, and of the advantages under which their toils and virtues have placed us for carrying on their work; when we think of all this, can we help for a moment surrendering ourselves to bright visions of our country's glory, before which all the glories of the past are to fade away. Is it presumption to say, that, if just to ourselves and all nations, we shall be felt through this whole continent, that we shall spread our language, institutions, and civilization through a wider space than any nation has yet filled, with a like beneficial influence?'

Since 1833 we have been make acquainted with the principal details of the Prussian system of education. The moral purpose of this education, and the extent of its application—no less than to all the children of the state, seem to point out all that a virtuous people would ask to cherish the virtue of a nation, and all that a patriotic government could bestow with such design. We can think of no narrower nor inferior provision for the rising generations by which they can advance that empire of 'philosophy, religion, science, and arts,' which shall form the reign of righteousness and truth. We do not ask to see German education in America, in its detail and economy, but we do ask that its spirit may be directly infused into our school system. We do ask that our teachers may be suitably qualified, respected and paid; that the supervision of our schools may be enlightened and faithful; and that books used in them may teach morality as well as science, and that they may be elementary as well as fragmentary. We have heretofore esteemed our popular education too much, to see its deficiencies, too much to correct what is imperfect in it. It may be hoped that we shall no longer rest content with that which may be amended and improved.

Education will never be reformed, methodized, and exalted to any large extent and power, till men who are learned, philosophical, and disinterested shall inspect the schools faithfully, and report fearlessly what they find erroneous and defective in them. A commission fully qualified and fully authorised to examine schools will make themselves thoroughly acquainted with processes, means, and results of instruction within their commission. They will examine whole schools, not 'picked children.' They will inquire into the effects of instruction upon those wholly educated in the common schools—what manner of men and women they are, when employed in the business of life. They will examine the books used in the schools, and what is their form and measure of instruction; and they will endeavor to interest and enlighten the public upon the subject of education, that they may acceptably and successfully introduce reformatory measures of tried uses. An effective school commissioner must make himself acquainted with what has been accomplished in other countries, and with all the instruments, and methods which have been found useful. How beautiful are the examples of Cousin, of Cuvier, and of Archbishop Whately. We have all heard of the unparalleled thoroughness of Cousin,—the interpreter of Plato, and the critic of an infant's book—of the diligence with which he has explored the schools of Germany and Holland, and the counsel he has given to his beloved France, in the least details of the people's schools. Of Cuvier, his biographer says, 'schools for people in all countries engaged his attention,' and he examined and corrected the books used in the primary schools. Dr Whately has composed a series of books used in the Irish schools, in which religion, morals and science have their proper places—such examples ought to encourage those who would labor in this cause. God grant they may not labor in vain, and that society may accept and appreciate their services. When our principal men shall look into the actual and compare it with the desirable, the possible, the attainable, then our Board of Education will not toil in a barren soil—County associations will rise up and project and accomplish improvements; old school houses will make room for better ones, where comfort and convenience will take the place of summer's blazing sun, and winter's pinching cold—the teacher will become the organ of sound learning, and will receive his recompense in the acknowledged fruit of his labors—the book found in the child's hand will not be made with scissors, but with skill—it will be thoughts clothed in words, not words without ideas—and will rather be the counsel of the moralist than the work of the lexicographer; and as surely as seedtime and harvest never fail in the natural world, so surely does the latter depend upon the former in the human soul; for as corn must be planted before it can grow; so must truth be sown in the soul of man before it can abide and bear fruit there; things 'rank and gross,' must else take possession of that human nature which is made to choose between Good and Evil, and either to be fitted for destruction, or for everlasting glory and happiness, as it shall be determined to flow from the one, and labor for the other.

R. E.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HERDER'S PARABLES.

[Translated from the German.]

FOURTH COLLECTION.

10. *The early death.*

Early one morning a maiden went into the garden to gather herself a wreath of beautiful roses. They were all still in the bud, closed, or half shut, their cup sending forth fragrance amid the morning dew.

'I will not break you off now, said the maiden. I will let the sun open your blossoms; then you will be the more beautiful and fragrant.'

She came at mid-day and saw the most beautiful roses eaten by the worm, bowed down by the heat of the sun, pale and withering. The maiden wept at her folly, and on the next morning she gathered her garland early.

God calls his dearest children early from this life, before the ray of the sun penetrates, before the worm touches them. The Paradise of children is an high place of majesty; the most virtuously pious cannot enter it, for his soul is stained.

11. *The reward of the future world.*

Judge not the way of thy life: all its paths are good, though thou canst not see the end of one of them. Hesitate not to say of the precepts of the Law, 'His command is great, therefore will I keep it,'—for thy reward will be great. God has not revealed to men what shall be the reward of one of their works.

A king once wished to plant a garden, and so he sent his laborers to work, without specifying the lot of each: he left each one to his own labors, and only asked at evening what each had worked upon. They each declared, what they had done; This had planted the Fig-tree, that the Olive; the one had planted the Cypress, the other the Palm-tree. The king gave each of them a reward according to his labor, and thus his garden was planted with various trees. Had the laborers known what tree among all brought the greatest price, the object of the king would not have been attained; the garden would not have been planted with various trees.

* * * *

A wise man was once asked why God had blessed him in his life, and he replied, 'Because *I have done the greatest duty as if it were the smallest.*'

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—I think I perceive your object in publishing an account of the Association in Europe, recently formed for the due observance of the Lord's day, or the Christian Sabbath; and hope the hint will be improved by the well-disposed part of the community, by adopting some plan for this important purpose. If any thing of the kind is proposed it should be by men of liberal and enlightened views: and it would be most proper for the *laity* to take the lead in the plan.

I shall give no advice or opinion as to the articles of such an association, but only suggest that they should be few, of a general nature, and free from the objection of being too strict. Our fathers erred, as many of us suppose, in this respect. We, of this generation are running to the opposite extreme. The Lords' day is, at present, too much occupied in worldly business and profane amusements. And yet works of humanity and mercy, and even recreation so far as innocent, free form noise and riot, and not interfering with the useful hours of devotion, are allowable.

The only objection to such an association is, that religious worship and religious observances should be left free to all, and no attempt be made to regulate the devotions of any one: and that the truly religious are so of choice and without compulsion. This consideration deserves notice. I am no advocate for pledges, to render men really good; and as to compulsion, it is entirely inconsistent, not only with the spirit of the gospel, but with the moral nature of man. Still, in an association, like the one proposed, there would be a salutary influence exerted, from communion, sympathy and example. We should encourage and countenance one another in what is beneficial, both in a social and spiritual view.

Who does not perceive the obligations of public religious worship, and the benefits of stated and frequent religious instruction? And yet is there not too much laxity or practical indifference in this respect, in our community? If all heads of families would join in public worship, and, thus encourage the younger members of society to attend more regularly—to omit worldly pursuits, and to avoid such amusements as call many together and lead to disturbance, or to the annoyance of those engaged in exercises of devotion—the effect would be highly auspicious on the manners and character of the rising generation. And the extremes, both of undue strictness and of laxity, would be avoided. A word to the wise is enough.

B.

From the Evening Gazette.

TO REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Suggested by reading 'A word from a Petitioner to Congress,' published in the last Christian Register.

Ay—thou *hast* spoken *out*,
From the deep fulness of thy heart;
And, with an echoing shout,
Each freeman's breast with pride will start,
And thank thee in the name of outraged right,
For the outpouring of thy spirit's might.

Thy burning words shall ring,
From our New England's rocky shore
To where the Andes fling
Their shadows; and the distant roar
Of the Pacific's waves shall echo back,
The right of pray'r to all, or white or black.

By Mississipi's wave,
And Alabama's sultry plains,
The toiling, fainting slave
Shall hear thy spirit-stirring strains,
And as his bosom burns with hope's bright flame,
In rude and untaught speech shall bless thy name.

Go on—in Freedom's name,
Bold hearted champion of the right!
High on the scroll of fame
Thy name shall shine in deathless light;
When those, who shrunk before oppression's wave,
Have sunk unhonored to an unknown grave.

F. B. B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

NOTES OF AN INVALID.—NO. 7.

The day following the date of the last notes was Sunday, and the Invalid attended divine service at St. Michael's. The church is a noble edifice—the music of the choir and deep-toned organ was excellent—the congregation the most respectable of the city—and Dr Dalcho was their preacher. But the most interesting of all, to the invalid, was the appearance of many blacks, piously kneeling, or seated on benches, along the aisles, in corners of pews and even on the steps of the altar. Formerly they were permitted to occupy a church exclusively for their own service; but after the insurrection mentioned in the preceding number, this, with other privileges, was denied them. However, their piety has obviously not abated, and they are not, like those of their color at the north, set apart in obscure holes, or sly-corners of the churches, where neither light nor sound can fairly penetrate. No fears of undue familiarity or contamination, spread their repulsive frowns among the whites, but the slaves breathed freely and worshipped fearlessly upon the same floor, side by side, with masters and mistresses; and thus mingling the responses of fervent devotion, many a master and slave, doubtless, sent up for each other reciprocal prayers for the blessings of heaven. But this is not all; the negroes stayed to partake with their white brethren the ordinance of our Lord's Supper. It was a pleasing sight, and did much to soften the prejudice against the slave owners which had been early engraved upon the mind of the invalid.

Returning from church in company with Mr B. an old negro was met, whom Mr B. with a jocose familiarity, common with the young men, thus accosted: 'Well, uncle Joe, have you been to hear old Brimstone this morning?' 'Oh yes, massa, old negro always like to go to church.' 'What did the old fellow say to you, uncle?' 'He say, massa, dat ebil communications corrupt good manners; so old niger tink he must'nt stop bery much to talk wicked wid de young buckra.'* Upon which, laughing heartily at his own wit, he made his amends by doffing his hat with a low bow. 'Ah! uncle Joe,' said Mr B., 'that will do very well—I'll owe you one—you may go now.'

Toward the evening, a messenger from the packet in which the invalid had engaged passage to St. Augustine, announced that she was about to sail. Accordingly, body, baggage and stores were transported to the vessel, and much more precious to remember, his ever kind foster parent, Mrs A. and the fair daughter of Mrs B. were at his side as 'compagnie de voyage.'

In a little while the swelling canvass bore them rapidly from the shore. But the parting with Charleston caused no reluctance to the invalid. He had found the inhabitants kind, generous and intelligent, but their climate, though in a southern latitude, had been to him almost as uncongenial as the inhospitable winds of a New England spring. The temperature and weather had seemed very changeable, and the records of the barometer and themometer showed such extreme degrees meeting under the same date, as to confirm the opinion of the invalid against the climate, and he rejoiced in anticipating his approach to a more salubrious region.

In two days the soft soothing airs of the southern gulf-stream, in which their course lay, began to play about the inmates of the vessel, and to fan the lungs of the invalid with such clear, balmy breathings as seemed to renew every organ they met. In the evening of the third day a boat came along aside, with three or four Spanish sailors—who, being a dark, surly looking set, wearing mustaches—and the Florida chamarta—a loose thin frock or jacket appeared to northern nations not very welcome visitors; but they were pilots from St. Augustine, which was about nine miles off. One pilot being put on board, the others steered back again; but they found the new guide a most cowardly, lazy fellow; and as the tide was not quite full, and two vessels had been recently wrecked among the dangerous breakers of the bar, he dared not venture to pilot their vessel till the next morning. But the gallant Capt. a true yankee, every inch, said if the pilot would not get the vessel in that night, he would; and, at the word, springing aloft, and sharply overlooking the rough, angry breakers that were dashing over wrecks on both sides, he gave the necessary signals to the helmsman, and thus daringly guided his vessel through a shifting, dangerous channel, safely to her anchorage.

But the Invalid found that, though anchored within the harbour, the short voyage was not ended—the perils of the sea were not passed. It was quite dark, yes, that night it chanced to be densely dark. The invalid had consented to go on shore in a boat, purposely sent for him by his foster mother's request, and also to accept the hospitality of her own mansion, where, that kind daughter of charity was sure he could fare better than at a hotel. The boat was at the side of the vessel, the baggage was all in, and the invalid was feeling his course down the gangway ladder, when, having arrived at the proper place, he stepped off for the boat; but the incautious mariners, who had charge of the boat, thinking to keep it in by holding to a rope at the stern, caused the part under the ladder to veer off from the vessel, and the invalid fell deep into the water, and came up under the vessel. But by strenuous effort and the providence of God, he caught a floating oar, and regained the boat. Thus was he a second time almost introduced within the portals of death, and reminded that every moment is fraught with unseen dangers, and that there is no safety but in the favor of God.

* *Buckra* is a word used by the negroes for any white persons.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

PROSE TRANSLATION OF SCHILLER'S 'DIE IDEALE'

Composed at the age of thirty-five, or six, and probably biographical.

'Who can picture Schiller's feelings in this solitude (his garden house in the suburbs of Jena) without participating in some faint reflection of their grandeur? The toil-worn but devoted soul, alone, under the silent starry canopy of night, offering up the troubled moments of existence on the altar of Eternity For here the splendor that gleamed across the spirit of a mortal, transient as one of us, was made to be perpetual; these images and thoughts were to pass into other ages and distant lands, to glow in human hearts, when the heart that conceived them had long been mouldered into common dust. To the lovers of genius, this little garden house might have been a place to visit as a chosen shrine, nor will they learn without regret that the walls of it yielding to the hand of time, have already crumbled into ruin, and are no longer to be traced. The piece of ground they stood on, is itself hallowed with a glory that is bright, pure and abiding, but the literary pilgrim could not have surveyed, without peculiar emotion, the simple chamber in which Schiller wrote the *Reich der Schatten* the *Spaziergang*, the *Ideal*, and the immortal scenes of Wallenstein.'—*Carlile's life of Schiller.*

Thus wilt thou, faithless, desert me, with thy fair fantasies, with thy pains, thy joys, with all, inexorable, flee away? O life's golden Time, fugitive, can nothing detain thee? In vain,—thy waves hasten down into the sea of eternity.

Extinguished are the warm suns which illuminated the path of my youth; the visions are dissolved, with which once the inebriated heart expanded. The sweet belief in a being, the product of my dreams, what once was so fair, so divine, is a prey to rude reality.

As once with weeping passion Pygmalion embraced the stone, till, in the marble's cold cheeks, feeling poured forth glowing, so wound I the arms of love around Nature with youthful ecstacy, till she began to pant, to be warm on my poet-breast.

And showing my flaming impulse, the dumb found a voice, returned the kiss of love, and understood the beating of my heart: then lived to me the tree, the rose; to me sung the silver fall of the fountain; the soulless herself, felt the echo of my life.

A circling all dilates with almighty energy the narrow breast, to tread forth in life, in deed, in word, in form and sound (in Bild und Schale.) How great was the world imagined, so long as it was concealed in the bud! How little alas! has it unfolded! how small and evil!

Winged with bold spirit, blessed in his dreaming fancy, as yet harnessed by no care, how sprung forth the youth in life's path! Even to ether's palest star, the flight of his aim raised him; nothing was so high, nothing so far, whither her wing did not bear him.

How easily was he thither borne! What was too difficult to the fortunate one? How danced before life's car the aerial convoy; Love with sweet reward; Fortune with her golden garland; Fame with her starry crown; Truth in the sun's splendor.

Yet alas! already in the midst of the career the companions were lost; faithless, they changed their path, and one after another gave way. Light-footed fortune fled; the thirst of knowledge remained unsated, the gloomy cloud of doubt drew around the sun-like image of truth.

I saw the holy wreath of Renown profane on the common forehead. Alas! all too soon after a short spring, fled away the fair time of life, and even stiller, and even more desolate was the rude path; Hope scarcely threw a pale gleam on the gloomy way.

Of all the rushing train, who remains, loving, by me? who stands condoling yet at my side, and follows me even to the dark house? Thou who healest all wounds, gentle, tender handed Friendship. Thou, whom I early sought and found, life's burdens sharest thou, loving.

And thou who, in glad union joined, like her charmest the storm of the soul, Occupation, which dost never slacken which greatest slowly, yet never demolishest, which to the fabric of eternity, it is true a grain of sand only as the grain of sand offerest—yet from the great debt of time dost strike minutes, days, years.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 16, 1837.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Foes to prisons and friends to day schools,—and an anecdote highly creditable to our new representative to Congress.

We take unfeigned delight in transferring to our columns the following interesting article, which we found the other day while looking over our exchange papers, in the *Christian Watchman*, a paper published in Boston by the Baptists, conducted with ability, and for the most part manifesting a spirit of Christian liberality, moderation, and candor, which is not always commonly seen in these days as it ought to be.

To the Editor of the Ch. Watchman,—

SIR,—Among the various 'Essays to do Good,' there is no philanthropic enterprise of the present day more important to the interests of Church and State than the Sabbath School system. The effort, which originated

Sabbath schools, sprung from the warmest impulses of Christian benevolence. The glow of compassion which warmed the heart of Mr Raikes, the venerable founder of these invaluable institutions, has been fanned into a holy flame, and is now, by its sacred influences, enlightening the rising generation, and preparing our youth for usefulness in every department of life. Among the good and great men, who have been honored by monumental testimonials, there is no one, whose achievements, with regard to beneficial results, outvie those of Mr Raikes. He states one remarkable fact. In visiting the county and city jails in his vicinity, for the space of twenty years, during which time three thousand scholars passed through the Sabbath schools, he only found one criminal out of this great number of pupils. We will here state one other fact touching those nearer home. Last week on Tuesday and Wednesday the common schools in Boston were examined, and the Franklin medals distributed to the highest scholars. A teacher of a Sabbath school informed us, that five of her scholars on that day received this honor. How can we frame a comment equal to these facts?

By the influence of Mr Raikes, since 1792, a host of pious men and women have entered on this field of usefulness, which he opened to their view, and by their toil, have now gathered within the pale of their Institute an array of children, upon whose advance in religious knowledge and influence, the hope of nations depends. This is saying much, we know. But in placing an estimate upon that labor which prepares the heart of a child to receive religious and moral instruction, we know not how to be extravagant. It is true that teachers in these seminaries are engaged in the mental, moral, and pious culture of our youth—a cause, certainly, of primary importance and glorious issue.

We have made these remarks in consequence of an occurrence which took place, Sabbath before last, in the Sabbath School of the Federal Street Baptist Church in this city. Many of the parents of the children had assembled to hear a farewell address from its Superintendent, who at that time resigned his office, which he had held seven years, with a constant attendance and affectionate devotedness seldom surpassed by those who give themselves to this arduous employment.

The children were sensible of the loss they had sustained, and listened to his admonitions with affected hearts and moistened eyes. The assembly were indeed melted into tears, not only by hearing the tender discourse of the speaker while he was counselling his children to walk in the way in which he had been training them—but, by seeing the man, whose eloquence at the Suffolk bar, had so often, for many years, been acknowledged by his distinguished compeers,—and who had been chosen by the electors of Boston, to espouse and guard the interests of their country on the floor of Congress, struggling for utterance before his infant auditors. Yes, it was indeed an affecting scene to witness the conflicts in the bosom of such a man in resigning the quiet office of Sabbath School instructer, to enter upon the duties which devolve upon the national legislator.

This gentleman, by the manner of his superintendence and instruction, always gained the affections of his pupils, and hence his success in impressing upon their minds, the holy precepts he taught them. Let teachers, therefore, follow his example and learn his tact of gaining the love and confidence of their scholars; and they will find that their work is half accomplished in rivetting their attention to study, and in impressing truth upon their hearts.

We are of those parents who are under a great debt of gratitude to the teachers of this school, and we gladly seize this opportunity to thank them for their patient perseverance in this sphere of doing good—and especially to express our obligations to this Superintendent, who amid his numerous professional labors, which seemed to demand the rest of the Sabbath, has given so much of his time and talents to instruct the children of the members of the church and society to which he belongs. It was, however, interesting to hear him say, that he has often entered the school much oppressed by the fatigues of the week,—and that the discharge of his duties, instead of increasing their pressure, frequently yielded refreshment to his mental and physical strength. We believe that many of his co-workers on the broad field of Christian employ, are thus sustained by the pleasures which flow from a constant and successful discharge of their office. Hence, we are led to see the wise dispensation of Him who always gives to faithfulness its highest awards.

It must be gratifying to every friend of his country, that the citizens of our District, in filling the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of his able and very popular predecessor, chose such a fellow-citizen* for their Representative—the savor of whose principles and deportment, must exert a salutary influence upon those with whom he may commune upon all occasions, and especially upon the great subjects of national import. E.

For the information, perhaps, of some of our distant readers, we inform them that Richard Fletcher is the person to whom our correspondent refers.

THE WESTERN MESSENGER.

We have received the September number of this excellent periodical, which is all the more acceptable for the omission of its regular appearance in August. It contains much highly interesting and valuable matter. The Table of Contents is as follows:—1. Introduction to Vol. Fourth, containing a letter from Geoffrey Victor,—2. The Backslider, S. O.—3. The Sandwich Islands, S. O.—4. Hope; from Schiller, J. S. Dwight,—5. Morning Hymn, J. S. D.—6. Objections to Unitarianism, by E. Peabody,—7. Jesus, the Comforter,—8. A Prophecy Fulfilled, Editor,—9. Tales from Spencer, Sir Guyon,—10. Letters from Country Cousins, J. H. P.—11. Stanzas to May, written by a Lady of Louisville, during a dangerous illness.—12. The Ministry at Large, W. H. C-g.—13. The Crisis,—14. On the use of the word 'Pious,' C. P. C.—15. Liberality too often Laxity, S. O.—16. Letter from Buffalo, G. W. H.—17. The 'Acts' and the Trinity, W. G. E.—18 Orthodox Theologians, W. G. E.—19. Lines, suggested by Salvator Rosa's Picture of the Prodigal Son,—20. Literary Notices, W. S.—21. Monthly Record.

We have transferred one article from it to our columns, and our readers who do not have the privilege of reading it for themselves, will be obliged to us, we are confident, for favoring them with the following gem of poetry in addition.

MORNING HYMN.

Why springs my soul with joy to meet
The golden orb of day?
Why does the morning smile so sweet?
The breeze so sweetly play?

Ask who hath broke thy troubled dream,
The world is ever fair,
If but thy spirit's crystal stream
Mirror the beauty there.

God! thou dost pour these floods of light,
To gladden hill and grove;
And thou mak'st each familiar sight
So eloquent with love.

For thou hast made my spirit calm,
From doubt and passion free;
And thus these morning beams so warm,
Are emblems, Lord, of Thee!

J. S. D.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION AT TAUNTON.

Our readers will require no apology for the circumstance of our having given up the space that we have a right to claim in our columns, for our own lucubrations, &c., in order to accommodate a friend who has sent us the following delightful description of a most delightful scene.

Friday, the eighth of September, was a happy day for the children of the School, connected with the Unitarian Society of Taunton. On the afternoon of that day, the pupils, amounting to nearly 200, assembled at the house of their Pastor, the Rev. Mr Bigelow, for the purpose of innocent and healthy recreation. The spacious house was thrown open for their reception, and the pleasant grounds around were gladdened with the varied expressions of deep, though quiet joy.

Yes, it was indeed a blessed sight. Those young beings, just entering life's busy, bustling scene, their spirits yet unsubdued by the sorrows of the world, their hearts open to holy and enduring impressions, their faces beautiful and unblighted as the first rose of summer,—who could stand in their presence, nor feel the most ennobling sentiments of which the soul can be sensible? Who could retire from such a scene, and not find his heart better, for this communion with those, of whom the great Master said, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!'

On each young brow, there sat the same expression of serene and undisturbed enjoyment. Their mirth was neither rude nor boisterous. On the contrary, it was peculiarly subdued and impressive. Perhaps cheerfulness might better express the spirit which pervaded every little cluster, that studded the green bank, or met beneath the pleasant roof. Each heart was at peace with itself; and is not this the great secret of all enjoyment, the great lesson which all should learn, who would be at peace with others? Weariness and satiety is banished. Pleasant and instructive games were liberally provided by the untiring assiduity of their Pastor, and mirthful, though innocent plays were proposed, and shared alike by teachers and pupils.

But at length, this aspect of things is changed. The gay laugh is hushed, the pleasant game ceases, the house is vacant. Whither do those heaven-appointed guides direct that marshalled band of young immortals? From the highway of the world, they have turned their steps to the green pastures, and by the side of the still waters of God's sanctuary. Let us read and ponder upon the lesson. With heads uncovered, and reverent countenances, they enter the sacred place. A hymn of praise is sung; and many a low, sweet voice joins its heavenly melody to that strain. The man of God rises with holiness in his demeanor, and affection in his tones, to address that holy and love-inspiring audience. Look round now on that young band. True, you no longer catch the sound of the merry voice, or behold the sunny smile. But can you detect one sad face amid the listening assembly, or read one lurking glance of dissatisfaction? No, the eye is as bright, the countenance as happy, the ear is as attentive, and meekly does each receive the 'engrafted word.' And now the Lord's Prayer, that most simple, yet eloquent of all petitions, is repeated; the benediction is pronounced, and the well ordered procession retraces its steps.

Meanwhile, a liberal entertainment has been provided, and beneath the noble and overhanging trees, the guests arrange themselves at the amply prepared tables. Again the voice of prayer is poured forth, and the blessing of the Most High God is invoked on his children. Their repast finished, they all arise, and repeat, with sweetly modulated tones, some beautiful and appropriate lines. A hymn, prepared for the occasion is sung, and after receiving a tract, the gift of their brothers and sisters of the Warren Street Chapel, Boston, they retire to their respective dwellings. Think you, from the gay ball room, or crowded saloon, there ever issued hearts happier, or more unfettered than theirs? The memory of that day will often come like sweet music over their souls, speaking to them amid the more heartless joys of the world, and bringing back those hours of holy and unalloyed enjoyment.

In the evening, an address, with special reference to the duties and responsibilities of parents and school teachers, was delivered by the Rev. Charles F. Barnard, the gentleman who addressed the children in the afternoon. We forbear extracting or condensing the words of the author, lest we should convey too feeble an idea of the merit or beauty of the original.

The Rev. Mr Barnard, formerly minister at large, in connexion with the Rev. Dr Tuckerman of Boston, may now emphatically be called, the Sunday School Missionary. His exclusive profession is that of a minister of children. For the exercise of his benevolent intentions, a commodious chapel has been erected in Warren street. Here, on the Sabbath, his youthful parishioners assemble in the various rooms of this holy sanctuary, for religious instruction. At the ringing of the second bell, they repair to the spacious room, consecrated for religious preaching and worship; where, to use the words of Mr B. a vase of sweet flowers ever stands on the pulpit to welcome them, and the organ sends up its rich tones, to animate their devotions. He has under his immediate charge 600 pupils connected with this excellent and invaluable religious establishment. The prayers of every parent and every Sunday school teacher, follow him in his noble and holy undertaking. Treading in *his* steps, whose love was peculiarly shed upon children, he seeks to make them indeed 'of the kingdom of Heaven.' May his health and usefulness be precious in the sight of God. May his benevolent enterprise be blessed, and from the portals of his chapel, may many issue, whose words shall be effectual to the redemption of thousands of their race.

It is by religious influence on the minds of children, that the world is to be blessed. For the children of the *present*, are to be the men and women, the parents and teachers of the coming generation. The time had passed when they were regarded as insignificant, unworthy a passing glance, or kindly smile. *They* are the great ones of the earth; for they are to be the rulers of future time; they are to give the tone to future morals and opinions. Let us be careful, lest by *our* example, they rise up at a future day, to our blame and condemnation.

Again, may God bless our absent friend. The 'children's friend,' the Sunday school Missionary, what name, next to the Savior of man, shall be found of higher or more distinguished excellence? Y. L. E.

Bridgewater, Sept. 10, 1837.

HYMN.

BY MISS MARY W. HALE.

Sung at the Annual Festival of the Unitarian Sunday School, Taunton, Sept. 8th 1837.

Father! when gathered round thy throne,
Thy name to bless, thy love to own;
Deign with our contrite souls to meet,
Thus suppliant at thy mercy seat.

Thanks for the Gospel of our Lord,
What strength divine its words afford!
Peace, when the angry storm-clouds lower;
And sweeter joy in hope's bright hour.

Bless, Father! bless this youthful band,
Who, here, around thine altar stand:
Make each young heart thy favored shrine,
And touch it with thy fire divine.

And he, thy watchman on this tower,
Gird him, with grace, and strength and power,
His heart sustain, his spirit cheer,
And bless him with thy presence here.

Guide those who wait, with patient love,
To point each infant eye above;
To them a priceless meed be given,
Thy peace on earth,—thy smile in heaven.

Press on! ye heralds of his word!
Follow in faith your risen Lord!
Press on! untiring, till your eye
Discern the land of promise nigh.

So when our feet its shores shall tread,
By God, our Father, gently led,
There may we all, the chorus raise,
Of fervent prayer and grateful praise.

We received, the other day, a communciation from an esteemed friend, requesting us, in his own name, as well as in that of many others, for whom he considered himself authorized to speak—if convenient to look up and publish in the Register, brief notices of the Commencements at the principal Colleges in the United States, with the number of degrees, regularl and honorary, conferred at each, &c. &c. We comply with this request as far as is presently in our power.* If we obtain any further information upon these matters, that we think will be of any use or interest to our correspondent and others, it will afford us pleasure to insert it in our columns.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—We have heretofore given an account of the Commencement &c. at Cambridge, but accidentally neglected to mention the names of all of the recipients of Honorary degrees. The following is correct—

The Honorary degree of L. L. D. was conferred on James L. Petigru, of Charleston S. C, and Daniel A. White of Salem. That of D. D. on the Rev. Convers Francis, of Watertown, the Rev. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, S. C., and the Rev. Alvan Lamson, of Dedham. The honorary degree of Master of Arts, was conferred on Joseph Tilden, of Boston.

We would also take this opportunity to mention that forty-five candidates were offered for admission to the University on the day preceding commencement, of whom forty-four were admitted.

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WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—Commencement was held on the 16th of August.

The graduating class consisted of Eighteen.

The Degree of A. M. was conferred upon six gentlemen.

The Honorary degree of A. M. was presented to the Rev. Amasa Holcomb, of Southwick.

The Hon. degree of D. D. to Rev. David Dudley Field, of Haddam Con.

An Address was delivered on the occasion by Governor Everett, and an Oration by Mr. Speaker Rockwell.

The Rev. Orville Dewey, of New York was appointed the Orator of the Society of Alumni for the next Anniversary.

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WASHINGTON COLLEGE.—At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, the Rev. President Totten was appointed Hobart Professor of Belle Lettres and Oratory—Charles Davies, A. M., Seabury Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—Duncan L. Stewart, A. M., College Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—and Abner Jackson, A. B., Tutor.

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GEORGIA UNIVERSITY.—At the late commencement, the degree A. B. was conferred on 15, and that of A. M. on 10. On the Sunday previous, the commencement sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Dassels of Macon. On Tuesday the Junior exhibition took place, and an oration was delivered before the society of Alumni by N. M. Crawford, Esq. The exercises on Wednesday were closed by an oration before the literary societies, by Henry L. Pinckney of Charleston. One thousand dollars was appropriated for the increase of the library.

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WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY—On Aug. 23d, commencement was celebrated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. Graduates 15. The degree of A. M. was conferred on 6 alumni, and honorary on Frederick Merrick, Amenia, N. Y. and Osmyn C. Baker, Newbury Vt.

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GENEVA COLLEGE.—The following degrees were conferred at the late commencement of Geneva College:

The degree of A. B. on W. H. C. Hosmer, of Avon.

The degree of A. M. was conferred on Chas. Ayrault, John N. Dox, Peter M. Dox, James R. Doolittle Archibald C. Powell, and William T. Young.

The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Rev. John Woart, Rev. Pierre P. Irving and Rev. S. C. Davis.

The degree of M. D. was conferred on Dr. Sumner Ely and Dr. D. Higgins.

The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. L. P. Bayare.

The degree of L. L. D. was conferred on Hon. Samuel Nelson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, and Hon. Samuel Beardsley, Attorney General, New York.

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DICKINSON COLLEGE.—At the annuul commencement of Dickinson College, the degree of A. B. was conferred upon six gentlemen.

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BRUNSWICK COLLEGE.—Commencement on the 6th inst. The graduating class consisted of 41.

The degree of M. D. was conferred on 33 young gentlemen.

The degree A. M. was conferred on 21.

The degree of L. L. D. was conferred on Hon. Ashur Ware, of Portland, and on Alden Bradford, Esq. of Boston.

The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Theophilus P. Chandler, Esq. of Boston. Rev C. C. Sewall, of Danvers, Mass, and Rev. John M. Merrick, of Sandwich, Mass.

The honorary degree of M. D. was conferred on Levi J. Ham, of Newfield Me.

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BROWN UNIVERSITY.—The annual commencement took place on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The following was the order of the exercises.

An Oration before the Philermenian Society, upon 'The History of the Literature of the past and present century' by Hon. A. H. Everett.

An Oration before the United Brother's Society, upon 'The influence of knowledge and morals upon Society,' by Rev. John D. Choules.

The Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society was delivered by George S. Hillard, Esq. of Boston, upon the Characteristic differences between Ancient and Modern Literature.' The Poem was delivered by Rev. Mark A. D'W. Howe, of Roxbury.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon thirty-eight gentlemen—and the degree of Master of Arts upon eighteen.

The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon Dennis H. Mahan, Professor of Civil and Military Engineering, at the U. S. Military Academy, West Point.

The honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on the Rev. Jacob Ide, of Medway, Mass., and upon the Rev. William Harris Murch, President of the Theological Institution at Stepney, England.

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ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The anniversaries at this institutson took place last week. Hon. W. B. Banister, of Newburyport, was elected a member of the board of visiters, in the place of Hon. Wm. Reed deceased; and Rev. Dr Codman, in the place of Pres. Day, resigned.

Rev. Dr Cogswell was elected a trustee in the place of Rev. Dr Holmes deceased; and Ebenezer Alden M. D. of Randolph, in the place of Mark Newman resigned.

A new professorship of sacred literature has been established, and B. B. Edwards elected to the office.

On Tuesday afternoon an oration was delivered before the Rhetorical Society, by Pres. Hopkins, of Williams college, and a poem, by Rev. Ray Palmer, of Bath, Me.

The following hymn, prepared for the occasion by Mrs. Sigourney, music for men's voices by Ch. Zeuner, was sung by the class, standing on the stage.

Brethren,—the hour hath come
That severs heart from heart,
And bids from Learning's sacred dome
Our pilgrim steps depart;

Some to yon eastern sphere,
Where the dead idols reign,
The banner of the Cross to rear
O'er Falsehood's giant fane;—

Some to the youthful West,
The country of our love,
To sow the seed in earth's green breast,
Whose fruit is reaped above.

Dear are these hallowed walls!
How dear each chosen friend!—
Yet cheerful, when our Savior calls,
Each cherished tie we rend.

And every deed of love,
Deep on our hearts we'll grave,
Howe'er in foreign lands we rove,
Or ride the crested wave.

Prayer is the link of gold
That binds us heart to heart,—
The watch-word of our Master's fold,
That joins us though we part.

Why should we say, farewell?—
Are we not soon to meet,
The triumphs of our God to tell,
Before his glorious seat?

Why should we say, farewell?
How few and brief the days
Ere with the angel-host we swell
Our dear Redeemer's praise.

The Anniversary Exercises were performed by 34 gentlemen, members of the graduating class.

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MILBURY COLLEGE.—Twenty-two young men received the degree of A. B. The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Joel H. Linsley, President of Marietta College Ohio.

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COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—At the late celebration of Columbia College, New York, the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on the Right Rev. Samuel A. McCrosky, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Michigan; the Rev. Samuel A. Van Vranken, Pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Poughkeepsie; the Rev. Philip S. Meyer, Pastor of a Lutheran Church in Philadelphia; the Rev. William R. Whittingham, A. M., Professor in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States; the Rev. Thomas H. Taylor, Rector of Grace Church in the City of New York; the Rev. Samuel Seabury, A. M., and the Rev. Jno. Bethune, Rector of Christ Church, Montreal. And the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon David B. Ogden, John Duer and George Griffin, Esqs.; and upon his Excellency, Peter D. Vroom, Governor of New Jersey, and Alumnus of the College,

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AMHERST COLLEGE.—Fifty three persons received the degree of A. B. and 10 or 12 that of A. M. in course. No honorary degree was conferred, except that of A. M. on the Rev. John Ferguson, of Whateley. About 30 students were admitted to the freshman class, giving promise of a class of 50, Messrs. Geo. C. Partridge, Charles Clapp, John Humphrey and Clinton Clark, were chosen tutors.

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ANNIVERSARY AT BANGOR.

The exercises connected with the Anniversary of the Theological Seminary in Bangor, were attended on the 30th of August. The graduating class consisted of fourteen members.

The following PARTING HYMN, was prepared for the occasion, by Mrs L. H. Sigourney.

Farewell,—we go! we go!
'Brethren, tell us whither?'
Murmuring long and low,
In her heathen woe,
Asia cal's us thither.*

Sad Afric loads the gale,
With her prayerful weeping;
For the mission sail,
Till the stars prevail,
Still her lone watch keeping.

Doth the proud Moslem sigh?
Haste, show his blinded nation
Hope that cannot die—
Heaven, our home on high—
Jesus, our salvation.

We go, Farewell! Farewell!
'Brethren, tell us whither?'
Hark, yon village bell,
With its tuneful swell,
Sweetly warns us thither.

See, from their pastures fair,
Flocks are onward pressing,
For a shepherd's care,
For a teacher's prayer,
For a Pastor's blessing.

Farewell! with joyful feet
We'll bear salvation's story.
Brethren, may we meet,
At the Judgment seat,
With our crowns of glory.

* Of the graduating class, one is expected to be stationed in Asia, another in Africa, another at Constantinople, and the remainder as Pastors of churches in our own country.

We are desired to say that country subscribers to Tyndall's New Testament, can obtain their copies at Mr J. H. Francis's Book store, 128 Washington Street, where payments will be received, being the only depository for the purpose in the city.

INSTALLATION.

Rev. Joseph Angier was installed at Milton, on Wednesday last.

The services were performed, as stated, inadvertently, in the Register of the 9th,—with the addition of *Introductory Prayer, and Reading of the Scriptures*, by Rev. Mr Cunningham, of Dorchester, and *Concluding Prayer* by Rev. Mr Hall, of do.

The services were, for the most part, unusually interesting. The *Sermon, Charge, and Address to the People*, were of such a character as might be expected from those who gave them.

The church was well filled, and the music excellent.

We congratulate the Society on account of their cheering prospects.

THANATOS, AND OTHER POEMS, is the title of a volume of Poems, now in press, by Weeks, Jordan & Co., from the pen of William Thompson Bacon, of Yale College.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

An Association auxiliary to the A. U. A. has been formed in Needham, of which the Rev. Daniel Kimball is the Agent, and Messrs. Elisha Lyon, John S. Bird, and Israel Whitney, the Standing Committee.

An association has likewise been formed in Wayland, of which Mr. James S. Draper is Agent.

—

The Treasurer of the A. U. A. acknowledges the receipt of the following sums.

Auxiliary Association in Providence R. I. $100,

Auxiliary Association in Rev. Mr Mott's Society of this city, $32.

Donations from members of Rev. Mr. Furness' society of Philadelphia. $25.

From Ladies of Rev. Mr. Newell's society, in Cambridge, to constitute him a Life member, $30.

From the Auxiliary Association, in South Scituate, by Rev. S. J. May, $22.

From the Association in Nantucket, by Rev. H. F. Edes, $12.

INTELLIGENCE.

Municipal.—At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen yesterday:

Ezra Weston Jr, was nominated and appointed City Marshal, in place of Daniel Parkman, resigned.

An order passed, authorizing the Committee on the Houses of Industry, Correction and Reformation to send alien paupers to the country from whence they came; provided it can be done at an expense not exceeding ten dollars for each person so sent, and that the whole expense shall not exceed one half of the fund derived from the tax levied on alien passengers under the law passed April 20, 1837.—*Transcript.*

Military Parade.—The Independent Companies of the Boston Brigade of Militia, with an Artillery Company from Charlestown, paraded yesterday on the common for Inspection and review. The Companies were full and in fine condition, and it was anticipated that the corps when embodied would present the finest military display which has been seen here for some years. The interest in the occasion, however, was destroyed by an act of insubordination, which we fear has fatally blighted the hopes of those who anticipated a speedy revival of the standing and importance of the Militia in this Commonwealth. In consequence of a disaffection which had been entertained by the members of a part of the companies at the chartering of a recent company called the Montgomery Guards, consisting chiefly of naturalized and native citizens, Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen, which company was incorporated with the Brigade, and was consequently ordered on duty upon this occasion, as soon as this company came into the line, the members of five of the companies, with a few exceptions, abandoned their officers, and left the field. The companies were the City Guards, the Lafayette Guards, the Washington Light Infantry, the Mechanic Riflemen, and the Fusiliers. What reliance can be placed on citizen soldiers, enrolled for preserving order and enforcing the laws, if, on so flimsy a pretext as a dislike of a part of the troops who are ordered to serve with them on the same duty, they will, with one accord, abandon their flag and their officers? This conduct has caused great regret to all the friends of the militia.

We are sorry to have occasion to add, that the disgraceful events of the day did not end here. When the Montgomery Guards left the Common to return to their Armory, they were followed and assailed by a mob, consisting of a different class of persons from those who had composed the military companies, and were pelted on their march by brick-bats and other missiles. We trust that a vigorous inquiry will be made into this outrage, and that it will not be suffered to go unpunished.—Daily Advertiser

Missionaries to the Sandwich Islands.—The ship Mary Frazier, Capt Sumner, from this port with thirty two misionaries, arrived at Honolulu April 9, after a passage of 116 days. The missionaries met with a kind reception from the king and chiefs.

A Salutary Law.—We understand that the landlords of the *three* public houses at Nahant, were summoned to Court at Danvers the last week, and each of them fined twenty dollars and costs for a violation of the law forbidding the sale of intoxicating drinks on the Sabbath. Some of the *promising* youths of our city, who visit that delightful spot to seek *amusement* on the Sabbath, much to the annoyance of the valetudinarian, who is in search of a wholesome atmosphere, and quiet, were summoned to Court as evidence in the case.

We are glad to learn that the wise and salutary law is thus strictly enforced It is due to the peace and security of Society, the protection of our youth, and to the Legislature which with such unanimity enacted the law, to have it executed.—*Mercantile Journal.*

Congress.—We gave last week a condensed account of the President's Message. No important business has been transacted. The time of several days was consumed in the House by disscussions on questions and rules of order, in balloting for Speaker and a printer. Mr Polk was re-elected Speaker by a small majority, and Mr Allen, publisher of the Madisonian, was elected printer.

SCHOOL LIBRARY.

To Instructors of Primary and High Schools.

THE Author of American Popular Lessons offers to Instructors a series of *reading* books, designed for the use of Schools. These books are intended not merely to teach *reading* for reading's sake, but to suggest an *intelligent* method of instruction in preference to one merely mechanical. They attempt to communicate something of the knowledge of nature, to instil the principles of a right conduct from the earliest age, to furnish elements of true history, and to form a just literary taste. The books are:—

Primary.

1. Introduction to Popular Lessons.
2. American Popular Lessons.
3. Primary Dictionary.

Progressive.

4. Sequel to Popular Lessons.
5. Tales from American History.
6. Poetry for Schools,
7. Grecian History.
8. English History.
9. Biography for Schools.
10. Elements of Mythology.

The Introduction to Popular Lessons, is especially intended for the youngest class of learners. Its lessons are exceedingly plain, and systematically designed to please and inform children. It is illustratd ed by numerous cuts. This book is approved by the Public School Society of New York, and is used in their Schools.

American Popular Lessons is consecutive to the Introduction, and carries forward the learner to a further knowledge of the elements of morality, the manners of men, and the habits of animals. American Popular Lessons has been extensively used for many years in town and country.

Primary Dictionary, contains four thousand words in common use. It is intended to teach to *think* as well as to spell, and has been proved to be as useful as any book in the series.

Sequel to Popular Lessons, is a first book of history. It regards history as a great lesson of morality, and constantly suggests the distinction between right and wrong.

Tales from American History, form Nos. 9, 10, 11, of Harpers' Boy's and Girl's Library; the several volumes form an entire serise, and may be used separately and singly, or in succession. No. 9. embraces the important history of Maritime Discovery, and the Life of Columbus. This work is strongly recommended by the best judges of elementary books.

Poetry for Schools, is a series of Lessons on Poetry and Prose, fit for reading and declamation, and also comprising a brief system of rhetoric, and examples of English literature, from the age of Elizabeth to the American Poets.

Grecian History, is the history of Greece, from a remote antiquity to the present time, and includes notices of the arts, laws, and institutions of the Greeks, together with the Geography of Greece; it is illustrated by Maps and Engravings.

English History, resembles the Grecian in its arrangement and execution, and attempts, in perspicuous details, to show the benefits of civilization and public virtue.

Biography for Schools. This work is intended to furnish a series of virtuous examples from real life, by means of which young persons may be instructed in right action, by the genuine consequences of right and honorable conduct.

Elements of Mythology. This work has been found highly useful in classical education.

These Books invite the examination of teachers. They have been approved by the best scholars in the country. Without increasing its labor or expense, they greatly extend the common course of education. They are printed in the most convenient forms, and are cheap, and of a durable fabric.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. tf sept 16

MR. ALCOTT'S SCHOOL.

THE Exercises of Mr Alcott's School will be resumed on Monday, September 4, at his room, No. 3, in the Masonic Temple.

t01 sept 2

TRACTS OF THE A. U. A., No. 121. 'To the Law, and to the Testimony,' a discourse on the deference paid to the Scriptures by Unitarians. By James Walker.

Just published by J. MUNROE & CO. s 16

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

THIS day received, 'A Biographical Memoir of the Rev. John Williams,' first minister of Deerfield Mass. With a slight sketch of Deerfield, and an account of the Indian Wars in that place and vicinity. With an appendix, containing a journal of the Rev. Doct. Stephen Williams, of Longmeadow, during his captivity, and other papers relating to the early Indian Wars in Deerfield. By Stephen W. Williams, A. M. M. D.

s 16 BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington st.

MARRYATT'S NOVELS, 31 *cents each.*—Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, The Pirate and Three Cutters, The Naval Officer, King's Own, Newton Forster, The Pacha of Many Tales, Japhet in Search of a Father, Midshipman Easy, and Snarleyyow.

Each of the above works are published by the subscribers, each in 1 volume at the very low rate of 31 cts for each novel, on fine paper and good print. At the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street.

s 16 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

EMERSONS ORATION.

IN PRESS—and will be published in a few days by JAMES MUNROE & CO., Emerson's address before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, delivered at Cambridge, August 31st. s 16

NEW BOOKS.

THE Young Lady Abroad. By H. More.
Rich Enough. By the author of 3 Experiments.
Bancroft's United States vol. 2.
Lockhart's Life of Scott, part 4.
Janet Hamilton, and other Tales.
Animal Magnetism. By Deleuze.
The Scourge of the Ocean.
Shakespeare Gallery, 1 to 12.
Venetia. By D'Israeli.

For sale at TICKNOR'S,
s 16 Corner of Washington and School st.

POETRY.

ENBLEMS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

An evening-cloud, in brief suspense,
Was hither driven and thither;
It came I know not whence,
It went I knew not whither:
I watch'd it changing in the wind,
Size, semblance, shape, and hue,
Fading and lessening, till behind
It left no speck in heaven's deep blue.

Amidst the marshall'd host of night,
Shone a new star supremely bright;
With marvelling eye, well pleased to err,
I hail'd the prodigy:—anon,
It fell;—it fell like Lucifer,
A flash, a blaze, a trafn—'twas gone!
And then I sought in vain its place
Throughout the infinite of space.

Dew-drops, at day-spring, deck'd a line
Of gossamer so frail, so fine,
A fly's wing shook it: round and clear,
As if by fairy-fingers strung,
Like orient pearls, at Beauty's ear,
In trembling brilliancy they hung
Upon a rosy briar, whose bloom
Shed nectar round them and perfume:

Ere long, exhaled in limpid air,
Some mingled with the breath of morn,
Some slid down singly, here and there,
Like tears, by their own weight o'erborne;
At length the film itself collapsed, and where
The pageant glittered, lo! a naked thorn.

What are the living? Hark! a sound
From grave and cradle crying,
By earth and ocean echoed round,—
'The living are the dying!'

From infancy to utmost age,
What is man's line of pilgrimage?
The pathway to Death's portal:
The moment we begin to be,
We enter on the agony;—
The dead are the immortal;
They live not on expiring breath,
They only are exempt from death.

Cloud atoms, sparkles of a falling star,
Dew-drops, or film of gossamer, we are:
What can the state beyond us be?
Life?—Death?—Ah! no—a greater mystery;
What thought hath not conceived, ear heard, eye seen;
Perfect existence from a point begun;
Part of what GOD's eternity hath been;
Whole immortality belongs to none
But HIM, the first, the last, the Only One.

OLD AGE TO THE LOOKING-GLASS.

What do I behold?
My once bright locks of gold
Are turning now to sad unsightly grey.
Oh, with a wise and good man might I say,
Wrinkled thou art, and wan,
Yet 'Welcome, thou, Old Man.'

How say that age is dull?
The head and heart are full,
Musing the scenes that now are drawing near.
To seeking eyes what brightness shall appear!
Oh not the dismal tomb,
Not the sepulchral gloom;

The trees of Paradise,
And living streams shall rise—
The living stream of life, that ever flows;
The gates of costly pearl, that never close;
A day that hath no night!
Oh, glorious prospect bright!

Wherefore shouldst thou mourn?
Thy senseless years are gone:
All, all is new—old things are pass'd away—
'To-morrow to fresh scenes,' and brighter day!
My heart within me burns:
Oh, more than youth returns!

A LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Upon a rock that high and sheer
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer
Had sat him down to rest,
And bared, to the soft summer air,
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With deepening vales between,
And rivers glimmered on their way
By forests, faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A voice so soft and low,
That whether in the mind or ear,
The listener scarce might know;
With such a tone, so sweet and mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

'Thou weary huntsman,' thus it said,
'Thou faint with toil and heat!
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee.'

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky,
Amidst the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze;
As if the vapors of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank
He saw the glittering streams; he heard
The rustling bough, and twittering bird.

And friends—the dead—in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the region's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding as was her wont, she came
Right toward his resting-place,
And stretched her hand, and called his name,
With sweet and smiling face,
Forward, with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned, in act to rise.

Forward he leaned, and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern and brown,
An instant, in his fall—
A fearful instant, and no more—
The dream and life at once were o'er!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the New York Commercial Advertiser.]

CONSUMPTION.

The late lamented death of Dr Bushe from that form of consumption known as chronic bronchitis, painfully reminds me of a duty the subscriber owes to his profession and to society, of making known a simple form of treatment that has never failed him in curing this form of consumption, so destructive to the clerical and literary professions; this treatment is of nearly equal efficacy in catarrhal phthisis, and is a valuable remedy for consumption in all its forms when in its chronic stages, and free from any inflammatory symptoms. This treatment is based on the pathology of consumption, as a generic name for disease.

Under the name of consumption are included that variety of diseases of the lungs attended with expectoration of purulent matter from the breathing surface of the lungs, connected with emaciation, hectic fever, and its concomitants, night sweats, colliquative diarrhœa, &c. All the forms of consumption act on the general health from one common cause—the presence of matter acting upon absorbing surfaces and thus producing those symptoms known as hectic fever. It is the presence and violence of this symptom of consumption, that prostrates the patent, until it more or less slowly ends in death. It is the consequence of this hectic fever, and not the immediate disease of the lungs causing it, that forms the source of fatality from consumption.

The treatment I now with reluctant diffidence submit, I have successfully used for more than twelve years, and during that period of medical practice, I am not aware of having lost more than four or five patients from all the various forms of consumption, and these were mostly passed to that stage of disease where the structure of the lungs had become so extensively diseased, as to preclude the use of more than palliative treatment. Cases of chronic bronchitis were in every instance cured by it, even when the purulent expectoration amounted to pints daily, with hectic fever, diarrhœa, cold sweats, and entire physical prostration.

The treatment is the administration of sulphate of copper in nauseating doses, combined with gum ammoniac, given so as to nauseate but not ordinarily to produce full vomiting; the usual dose for this purpose is about half a grain, and five grains of the respective ingredients, in a teaspoon of water, to be taken, at first twice, and in the convalescent stages once a day.

In cases of chronic bronchitis a gargle of the sulphate of copper alone is superadded.—In this latter form of consumption, this treatment almost invariably suspends the hectic symptoms in a few days, and the disease rapidly advances to its final cure.

In cases of the more proper forms of consumption, the treatment must be intermitted frequently and again returned to; and whenever soreness of the chest, or other symptoms of inflammatory action exist, the treatment should be suspended; as it is in the chronic state alone that the remedy is indicated or useful—that state in which the condition of the general system as sympathetically involved becomes the more prominent symptom, and the success of the treatment depends chiefly on the breaking up this sympathetic action of the diseased lung, on the more healthy tone of the stomach, and increasing its digestive powers, and likewise causing, during nauseating action, a more active and healthy circulation of blood through the lungs. Its curative powers are more immediately attributable to these effects of its action. But theory apart, the treatment is presented based on more than ten years experience of its curative advantages, in the proper treatment of diseases of mucopurulent and purulent expectoration.

Having left a profession that more nearly than any other approaches the pure duties of humanity, but which has nearly ceased in this country to be honorable or profitable, I have little motive in exposing myself to that certain ridicule that follows the annunciation that consumption may be cured, but the assurance of practical experience, and the desire of making public a means of saving life, in one of its most frequent and unwelcome exits.

EDWARD C. COOPER, M. D.

[From Dr Humphrey's Tour.]

DANIEL O'CONNEL.

O'Connel is a man of great abilities. He would be known and have influence in any supposable state of the country. He is, in the English sense of the term, exceedingly *clever*. As a bar-room orator, he has perhaps no superior; and as a parliamentary speaker, he has but few equals. I heard him more than once, under very favorable circumstances to judge of the character of his elocution, and the versatility of his powers. He is a stout athletic man, with a raven black eye—full face—regular features, and a shrewd jesuitical cast of countenance. He has a good voice, and commands it perfectly, in the largest public halls of the metropolis. There is a good deal of the Irish vehemence in his manner, especially when excited, as he often is—but even then he rarely loses the command of himself, in any perceptible degree—his manner is commanding—sometimes graceful—often insinuating—and always earnest and forcible. His quick and piercing eye speaks—every muscle of his face speaks—a sort of half dubious smile commonly plays upon his lips, and the lurking sneer is ever ready at his bidding. No man, I think, can hear O'Connel for half an hour, without perceiving that he has profoundly studied human nature, and knows better than almost any other man how to touch the great springs of emotion and action, in a popular assembly; and he certainly has a wonderful power of adapting himself to all classes of hearers. He can reason, if he pleases, with great power of argument and felicity of illustration—or he can charm with the classical eloquence of his diction. He can draw blood with the keen edge of his satire, almost without seeming to touch his opponent, or he can overwhelm him with a torrent of ridicule. Few can rise higher, in strains of real eloquence, and none can descend lower in coarse and vulgar abuse.

No man, in any country, talks louder about liberty and equality than Daniel O'Connel; and he *may* be a true patriot. That he loves Ireland, and would be glad to see it independent of the English crown, I have no question; but that he would refuse the Dictatorship himself, is a good deal more than I should dare to say in his favor. One thing I like in him. He is never ashamed of his religion. He is ready, every where, and on all occasions, to avow his attachment to the Romish faith. With his sincerity I have nothing to do. His professions are decided and consistent. I wish I could say as much of all men in public stations who embrace a purer faith. It is impossible that the Protestant Dissenters of Great Britain should have any religious sympathies with Daniel O'Connel; and it is extremely doubtful whether, as a body, they have any confidence in his political integrity; and yet, they invite him to great dinners in Edinburg, Glasgow, and elsewhere, and they cannot refrain from cheering him, when he comes into their meetings for the diffusion of popular education, or the protection of religious liberty.

HABITS OF THE TURTLE.

The following is an extract from a paper called 'The Turtles,' and is the result of observations made by Audubon, while on a visit to the Tortugas, 'a group of islands laying about 80 miles from Key West, and the last that seemed to defend the peninsula of the Floridas.'

On first nearing the shores, and mostly on fine, moonlight nights, the turtle raises her head above the water, being still distant thirty or forty yards above the beach, looks around her, and attentively views the objects on shore. Should she observe nothing likely to disturb her intended operations, she emits a loud hissing sound, by which such of her many enemies as are unaccustomed to it are startled, and so are apt to remove to another place, although unseen by her. Should she hear any noise or perceive indications of danger, she instantly sinks and goes off to a considerable distance; but should every thing be quiet, she advances slowly towards the beach, crawls over it, her head raised to the full stretch of her neck, and, when she has reached a place fitted to the purpose, she gages all around in silence. Finding 'all well,' she proceeds to form a hole in the sand, which she effects by removing it from under her body, with her hind flappers, scooping it out with so much dexterity, that the sides seldom if ever fall in. The sand is raised alternately with each flapper, as with a large ladle, until it has accumulated behind her, when supporting herself with her head and forepart, on the ground fronting her body, she, with a spring from each flapper, sends the sand around her, scattering it several feet. The eggs are then dropped one by one, and disposed in regular layers, to the number of one hundred and fifty, and sometimes nearly to two hundred. The whole time spent in this operation, may be about twenty minutes. She now scrapes the loose sand back over the eggs, and so levels and smooths the surface, that few persons, on seeing the spot, could imagine any thing could have been done to it. This accomplished to her mind, she retreats to the water with all possible despatch, leaving the hatching of the eggs to the heat of the sand. When a turtle, a logger-head for example, is in the act of dropping her eggs, she will not move, although one should go up to her, or even seat himself upon her back, for it seems at this moment she finds it necessary to proceed at all events, and is unable to intermit her labor. The moment it is finished however, off she starts, nor would it then be possible for one, unless he were strong as Hercules, to turn over and secure her.

To upset a turtle upon the shore, one is obliged to fall on his knees, and placing his shoulder before her fore arm, gradually raise her up by pushing with great force, and then with a jerk throw her over. Sometimes it requires the united strength of several men to accomplish this, and if the turtle should be of very great size, as often happens on the coast, even handspikes are employed. Some turtlers are so daring as to swim up to them while lying asleep on the surface of the water, and turn them over in their element, when however, a boat must be at hand to secure the prize. Few turtles can bite beyond their forelegs, and few, when once turned over, can, without assistance, regain their natural position; but notwithstanding this, their flappers are generally secured by ropes, so as to render their escape impossible.

Persons who search for turtles' eggs are provided with a light staff, cane or gun rod, with which they go along the shores, probing the sand near the tracts of the animals, which, however, cannot be always seen on account of the winds and heavy rains that often obliterate them. The nests are discovered not only by men, but beasts of prey, and the eggs are collected and destroyed on the spot in great numbers, as on certain parts of the shore hundreds of turtles are known to deposit their eggs within the space of a mile. They form a new hole each time they lay, and the second is dug near the first, as if the animal was quite unconscious what had befallen it.

It will be readily understood that the numerous eggs seen in a turtle on cutting it open, could not all be laid the same season. The whole number deposited by an individual in one summer may amount to 400, whereas, if the animal is caught on or near her nest, as I have witnessed, the remaining eggs, all small, without shells, and, as it were, threaded like so many beads, exceed 3000. In an instance where I found that number, the turtle weighed near 400 pounds. The young, soon after being hatched, when scarcely larger than a dollar, scratch through and take to the sea.

THE ART OF WRITING.

The Rev. J. Williams, in his 'narrative of Missionary Enterprise,' gives the following interesting anecdote:

'In the erection of his chapel,' (at Barotonga) 'a striking idea of the feelings of our untaught people, when observing for the first time the effects of written communications. As I had come to work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal, wrote upon it a request that Mrs Williams would send me the article. I called a chief, who was superintending his portion of the work, and said to him 'Friend, take this, go to our house, and give this to Mrs Williams.'

He was a singular looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but in one of the numerous battles he had fought, lost an eye; and giving me an inexpressible look with the other, he said, 'Take that? she will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her.' 'No,' I replied, 'she will not: take it, go immediately, for I am in haste.' Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it, and asked, 'What he must say;' 'the chip will say all I wish.' With a look of astonishment and contempt, he held up the piece of wood, and said, 'How can this speak? Has this a mouth?' I desired him to take it immediately, and not to spend so much time in talking about it. On arriving at the house, he gave it to Mrs Williams, who read it—threw it away and went to the chest, whither the chief resolving to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said, 'say, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr Williams wants?' 'Why,' she replied, 'did you not give a chip just now?' 'Yes,' said the astonished warrior, 'but I did not hear it say any thing.' 'If you did not I did,' was the reply; 'for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible.' With this the chief leaped out of the house, and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went, 'See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk; they can make chips talk!' On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the information in my power; but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery, that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it around his neck, and wore it for some time. During several following days we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with interest while he narrated the wonders which the chip had performed.

PROGRESS OF MORALITY.

We give the following from the London Penny Magazine, as illustrative of the moral improvement of England. Notwithstanding all the outcry of those who 'ask why the former days were better than these,' we believe, with Solomon, that such persons 'do not inquire wisely concerning this matter. In this country, too, we believe the cause of good morals has been steadily advancing for the last half century. We believe that even patriotism and political integrity are as abundant now, and of as good quality, as during the Revolution, when many in every state, and a majority in some parts of the country, were tories.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Bow street Police office has been in existence upward of a century: but it was placed on its present footing in 1792, when the other police-offices were established. The nature of the services required of it may be gathered from the fact, that forty or fifty years ago there were numerous establishments in the metropolis where swarms of the most lawless characters openly congregated, and might be said to enjoy entire security from even the approach of the wretched police which then existed. The names of some of these haunts of profligacy were the Bull in Pound, the Apollo Gardens, the Dog and Duck, the Temple of Flora, &c. 'A dreadful society of vagabonds,' said Sir John Fielding, who remembered them well, when examined in 1816, 'were certainly collected together in those places.' Thence issued the bold ruffians by whom highway robberies were perpetrated to such an extent in those days. 'The character of the highwayman,' continues Sir John, 'is certainly less heard of since the pulling down those two infernal places of meeting, the Dog and Duck and the Temple of Flora, which were certainly the most dreadful places in or about the metropolis.' Townsend the celebrated Bow street officer, was examined by the same committee before whom Sir John Fielding gave this evidence. He says, 'There is one thing which appears to me more extraordinary when I remember, in very likely a week there should be from ten to fifteen highway robberies. We have not had a man committed for a highway robbery lately; I speak of persons on horseback: formerly there were two, three, or four highwaymen, some on Hounslow Heath, some on Wimbledon Common, some on Finchley Common, some on the Romford road. I have actually come to Bow street office in the morning and while I have been leaning over the desk had three or four people come in and say, I was robbed by two highwaymen in such a place; I was robbed by a single highwayman in such a place. People travel safely now by means of the horse-patrol that Sir Richard Ford planned. Where are those highway robberies now? as I was observing to the Chancellor (Lord Eldon) at the time I was up at his house on the Corn Bill. He said, 'Townsend, I knew you very well so many years ago.' I said, 'Yes my Lord, I remember your first coming to the bar, first in your plain gown, and then as King's Counsel, and now Chancellor. Now, your Lordship sits as Chancellor, and directs the executions on the Recorder's report; but where are the highway robberies now?' And his Lordship said, 'Yes, I am astonished. There are no footpad robberies now, but merely jostling you in the streets. They used to be ready to pop at a man as soon as he let down his glass: that was done by banditti.' So the late Sir Richard Birnie, in his evidence given in 1828, says, 'There has not been a mounted highwayman these thirty years.'

Bee Story.—The Winchester Virginian gives this story of the bee:

A gentleman of this town, on Saturday last, took from two hives about 25 pounds of honey, which he placed in dishes, in an upper room of his dwelling, with the windows up, in order to let the bees escape which were on it. The next morning the bees were found to be collected in considerable numbers removing the honey, and before they could be expelled, which was done *vi et armis*, they had succeeded in carrying off the whole. Thus, in the short space of two hours, and we are credibly informed they were not engaged at it a greater length of time, they had carried away 25 pounds of honey. The gentleman has but six hives on his premises. This affords one of the most singular instances on record of the industry of the honey-bee.

A lawyer was called, on a certain occasion, to read in the presence of his heirs the Will of a deceased man of wealth. It happened that he was but an indifferent reader. As he progressed from part to part of the document one of the company whose ears were itching for elegant pronunciation was continually interrupting him with: 'Stop sir; that line was read wrong. The accent should be on *give*, instead of I give.' And in this way he continued for some time; until the heirs out of patience with one voice exclaimed; 'away with these criticisms; let the reader go on in his own way; all we are anxious about is to know our interest in the Will!'

So it should be with Christians and enlightened hearers. Their ears should not be itching, nor their eyes open to catch every error in language or gesture of him who ministers to them in holy things; but both should be ever open, and wide open too, to catch the last will and testament of Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

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